

DUFFY'S HIBERNIAN SIXPENNY MAGAZINE.

No. 18.

JUNE.

1863.

LLOYD PENNANT, A TALE OF THE WEST

BY RALPH NEVILLE, ESQ.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved, and the Privilege of Dramatic Adaptation has been secured by the Author.]

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Clipper was an extensive land agent, as well as a solicitor in very extensive practice; in this double capacity he could not fail to realize a fortune, for law was then even much more dilatory and expensive than it is at present; its victims were still less acquainted with its mysteries, and relied much more on the capacity and rectitude of their legal advisers than their more enlightened successors do now. Clipper was an off-handed, and apparently good-natured sort of fellow to all who employed him; so long as he saw his way clearly, and felt assured that his client's estate afforded undoubted security for costs and advances, his cheques might be had for the asking; his dinners were first rate; he occupied a splendid house in the best square, and entertained none but the "very highest people." He had straps, and very heavy ones, too, on the estates of many of the leading families; and, besides paying legal interest, those aristocratic clients, who were so unfortunate as to be in his power, were compelled to tolerate the insolent affectation of equality which the attorney assumed towards them, and to patronize his parties, and grace his assemblies, whenever they were "bidden to the feast." It was remarked that Mr. Clipper never parted any of his employers on good terms; he annoyed those who were enabled to liberate themselves from his thralldom, by unexpected pecuniary claims, which he sought to enforce by legal proceedings; and utterly ruined such as dared to cavil at his conduct or dispute his charges, without having the means of extricating themselves from his gripe. The political importance acquired, from the uncontrolled power which he exercised over the tenantry committed to his care, added in no small degree to his importance; he obtained access even to the Viceroy's table, although

VOL. III. NEW SERIES.

2 c

the members of his profession were then excluded from the honour of attending the Irish Court; and the fact of his procuring snug berths for some of his relations obtained credence for the report, that he was often consulted by the representative of majesty, and that his advice not unfrequently determined the measures of the government.

Mike called three times on the solicitor before he could obtain an interview; on the first occasion a peer was closeted with Mr. Clipper; on the second, (a special appointment,) the clerk informed him that Mr. Clipper's engagements would not admit of his seeing him, "as immediately the gentleman then with him was dismissed, he must go to 'the Cawstle,' on important public business; but if Mr. Blake would call to-morrow, at ten, probably Mr. Clipper could spare him half an hour." Mike was punctual to the second, but the solicitor, being particularly occupied, could not be disturbed; "if Mr. Blake would sit down for a few minutes, he might possibly be received." Half an hour passed, during which Mike heard the learned gentleman in loud and merry converse with his companion. At length the door opened, and forth came Mr. Thomas Pincher, followed by Mr. Clipper; they were too much engrossed with their conversation to notice Mike.

"Well, then, you'll be to dinner at the square this evening—half-past seven, sharp?"

"Without fail; you may depend on it," replied Mr. Clipper.

"Lord Kilmore will be there, you know," added Pincher.

"Ah, a capital fellow, that Kilmore; I'm surprised he should be a second day in town without calling on me."

As the friends were about separating, in stalked this important personage.

"Ah, how do, Clipper? fortunate to find you."

"Quite well, thank you, my lord; pray walk in; I hope your lordship's health is good."

Clipper was following his noble client into the sanctum sanctorum, when the clerk whispered something; he turned quickly round, and looked towards Mike—"Ah, yes, I really am very sorry, but it is impossible for me to see you now, Mr. Blake, as you may perceive; be so good as to call at twelve, to-morrow."

It may easily be supposed that Mike's temper, disturbed as it had been by late occurrences, was not in a condition to be trifled with; he did stifle his resentment, however, and came next day; but he encountered another delay—heard the same boisterous and mirthful conversation as on the preceding occasion, and at length saw Mr. Pincher come out with some papers in his hand; he did not pass Mike unnoticed this time, as on the previous day, but, on the contrary, turned round and gave him a most impertinent stare; then deliberately put the documents in his pocket, and stared again, this time with a sardonic grin on his ill-favoured countenance. After a moment's conversation with his principal, the clerk told Mr. Blake he might walk in. When Mike entered, Mr. Clipper was standing with his back to the door, in the act of arranging some papers; he did not alter

his position, but merely bowed over his shoulder, and continued his survey of the bundle he held in his hand, while he addressed Mike without looking at him—

"Well, Mr. Blake, I hope Colonel Blake is well, and that he has not taken the death of his nephew too much to heart; those things must be expected, sir, and I was happy to hear at the 'Cawstle' that the young man behaved most gallantly. I did expect a letter from the Colonel, concerning Lieutenant Bingham's affairs before this; perhaps you have one for me?"

Mike informed him that he had come specially on that very account, because Colonel Blake's state of health neither permitted him to write nor to make the journey.

"That, sir," rejoined Mr. Clipper, "is very unfortunate, for business can always be transacted more conveniently with principals than with any one else; and I'm very sorry to say," he added, "that there seems but little reason to hope that Lieutenant Bingham has made a will, unless he may have had it drawn at some other office, and lodged it either there or with his uncle."

"But that, I suppose," said Mike, "can be of little consequence, as, of course, his sister inherits."

Mr. Clipper laid aside the papers—sat down—prayed Mike, who still remained standing, to follow his example—raised his spectacles to his forehead—and said, in a mysterious and rather melancholy manner—

"Not a matter of course at all, sir; in fact, I fear greatly that it is quite otherwise, and that if the necessary precautions were not taken—namely, to have the young man levy fines, and suffer recovery, when he came of age, and make a will afterwards—it is but too probable that the estate may pass to his next male heir; I should have been consulted on this subject; a small expense, sir, sometimes saves great disappointments, and if 'the sheep be lost for the hap'orth of tar,' those only have themselves to blame who neglected to take the necessary precautions."

Mike was completely dumbfounded.

"Nonsense, Mr. Clipper; that can't be."

"Perhaps not, sir; you may know the law better than I do; I can only tell you that 'the opposite party' are quite alive, and are determined, as I'm informed, to prosecute their claims. Will you be so good as to write by this night's post, sir, to Colonel Blake, and ascertain the facts; and call on me some day next week, after you have received his answer? until then, there is no use in my seeing you."

The magnate touched his bell—a clerk appeared—"Is Mr.—— come?"

"Yes, sir."

"Show him in;" and Mike was bowed out, without getting time to make the slightest observation. He wrote as directed, and after a week's delay, received a reply, announcing that no steps of any kind whatever had been taken by the deceased young man to cut off the entail; and that no will was forthcoming. With a heavy heart Mike again proceeded to the attorney's office; again he found Pincher there, standing in the doorway

of the private office, in conversation with Mr. Clipper; having his back to the outer office he did not see him enter.

"Well, then, I shall send the notice to you to-day, and you may admit service; that will facilitate matters, and you can afterwards send it to old Blake."

As he closed the door to depart, Mike confronted him, but Pincher passed on without so much as looking at him; Mike's blood boiled; he asked no questions—was his own usher—and walked straight into the august presence of the man of law, who bowed formally, and requested him to be seated—

"Well, sir, I suppose you have heard from Colonel Blake?"

"Yes, here is his letter." The attorney glanced his eye over it—

"Well, sir, it is very unfortunate—most unfortunate. It only shews what calamities people bring on themselves, by neglecting to consult those who are capable of giving them sound advice."

"I fear, sir, there is little doubt that the estate is lost; in fact, the adverse party is quite on the high-horse. His solicitor has just left, after announcing his determination to take proceedings."

"Mr. Pincher, I suppose; I met him."

"Yes; do you know Mr. Pincher? Ah, to be sure, I suppose you do. A rising man that—a lucky fellow. You have heard, no doubt, of the splendid match he is about to make with Miss Martin, the heiress of the immense Castlemore estates?" Mike made no reply, but he could not conceal his surprize and mortification. "Yes," continued Clipper, "Pincher will get at least eight thousand a year, and lots of ready money by his wife, who has absolute power to dispose of all as she likes. The match was made by his uncle Blatherwell, who will, no doubt, take care that it is properly settled on his nephew. Yes, sir, Mr. Pincher is the opposite solicitor, and very fortunate it is to have so respectable a person employed against us. He is sure to do things in the most gentlemanly manner, so long as he continues to act professionally, which, I suppose, will now be but a very short time."

"You make a very wrong estimate of Pincher's character," rejoined Mike, now fairly roused. "I know him to be a coward, and I believe him to be a knave."

"Mr. Blake," interrupted Clipper, "your language, if reported, would be actionable. You are safe, of course, with me; but I don't like to hear an absent friend maligned, and therefore, sir, we will change the conversation; if you please, let us return to business." Mike was about to give him a further spice of his mind, but the communication which Mr. Clipper proceeded to make, turned the current of his thoughts into quite another channel. "If, sir," continued the attorney, "the loss of the estate were all, it would be less matter, for, 'what one never had, one never loses;' but the fact is, that if the estate does go, (mind I say, *does go*, without in any way committing my own opinion on the subject,) Colonel Blake loses at least £15,000 in addition; and the inneritor will receive it, not owing one shilling."

Mike remained silent with astonishment.

"You are aware, sir, I suppose, that Colonel Blake has directed me, at various times, to pay off certain mortgages, affecting, or supposed to affect, Mr. Bingham's estate, in order to prevent its being put into Chancery, during his minority. This, of course, I did, according to instructions, although I repeatedly warned my client at the time, of the danger he incurred. Paying off incumbrances, sir, unless they are first declared to be valid, and well charged by the decree of an Equity Court, is a very ticklish proceeding; as the result in this particular case will, I fear, shew. The fact is, sir, (and Mr. Clipper dared not look up as he said it,) "that, as I before remarked, if the estate goes, the money goes with it. The mortgages were not properly recharged; and this again shews, 'that to be penny wise, is often to be pound foolish.' Colonel Blake would take no step to protect himself, until his nephew came of age; and was not determined to do so even then. Mr. Bingham would," he said "inherit both properties; and what use could there be in encumbering one, for the debts paid by the other. I told him things might unexpectedly turn out disagreeably, and now my prognostications are but too likely to be verified."

Mike was too much occupied by his own thoughts, and too ignorant of the merits of the case, to interrupt him.

"For, assuming that the opposite party should unfortunately succeed, Colonel Blake will have to repay me the advances, made by his direction; together with interest and expense, as well as all the law costs incurred in the management of Mr. Bingham's estate, and in defending his rights, amounting to a very large sum. Indeed, I have been looking over the accounts—he took up the same papers which he held in his hand, at Mike's first visit—and made a rough draft, which my clerk is now copying; you shall see it." (He touched the bell.) A lank, miserable creature entered, handed him a paper, and withdrew.

"So," ejaculated Mr. Clipper, after examining its contents; "it is even more than I anticipated." As he presented the document to Mike, who saw with horror, that the total at the bottom exceeded 15,000 pounds. "It's a noble property," he continued, "and would be ample security for three times such a debt, were it properly charged. It will be very painful to me, sir, to apply to Colonel Blake on this subject; but you know, "that self-preservation is the first law of nature," and it would be absolutely criminal in me; indeed, it would be a positive injustice to my family, to risk the loss of so large a sum; so that I must request the Colonel to make arrangements for giving me suitable security. Security, sir, is all I require; for I should be unwilling to inconvenience so old a friend, with whom I have been on such terms of intimacy, all my life." Mike was ready to explode. The fellow was a tallow chandler's son, in a village near Dunseverick, and had never been received there except on business. He restrained himself, however; for, although rash in his own affairs, he could suffer martyrdom for the interests of others. "And I know," proceeded the "Limb of the Law," "that ready money is not now to be expected. Will you have the kindness to take the document home with you, and shew it to the Colonel; and as you seem

to be in his confidence, just say that it will oblige me, if he lets me hear from him on the subject, as soon as possible; the matter should be settled before the threatened proceedings are commenced. There is another paper, too, which you might as well take him; it is a notice, served by the plaintiff in the suit."

Mike jumped from his chair.

"I will do no such thing, sir. Do you presume to make me the bearer of your writs—your 'bum bailiff?' By —, (raising his oaken stick, which was no trifle,) for one pin's point, I wouldn't leave a whole bone in your carcass."

Mr. Clipper rang his bell violently, and shouted "Murder." The clerks from the outer office rushed in, but Mike had, in the meantime, resumed his self-control.

"There is no occasion to ring your bell, sir; I have not the least notion of molesting you, but I won't deliver your papers; and if Colonel Blake takes my advice, he'll neither leave his business in your hands, nor himself in your power."

He stalked from the office, and banged the door after him with a crash that shook the whole house.

That night's post carried a letter from Clipper to Colonel Blake, formally apprising him of the steps about to be taken by Harry Bingham's next heir male, to obtain possession of the property; and informing him, that it was now full time that the moneys advanced by himself, in part payment of the debts of that estate, should be either refunded or secured. There was no security for this money, as his client must be aware, but his own letters, and as the sum was large, "and man but mortal," he requested that the affair should be at once wound up. He regretted that Colonel Blake had not communicated with himself directly, as he used to do; but that, instead of doing so, he had sent a person who not only insulted, but would have assaulted him, were it not for the interference of his clerks; he suggested that when confidence appeared to be shaken between a solicitor and his client, it was better they should part; and concluded by requesting that the Colonel would appoint some one else to manage his estate and conduct his law business, as he did not wish to expose himself to further insult by continuing in the employment.

Mike also wrote, giving his version of the affair, and stating that he should set out for home the next day, as his continued stay in Dublin could be of no possible service. The Colonel threw Clipper's letter aside after he had read it; he had no particular interest in that person, and felt no regret at being obliged to change his man of business; it struck him as being very odd, indeed, that an estate should not be liable to the debts which had been paid for it, and he was by no means disposed to submit quietly to such a decision; he therefore merely wrote in reply, expressing regret at the communication which he had received, and stating that he should comply with Mr. Clipper's request as quickly as possible.

Mike's arrival afforded great comfort to his relative; from his long absence, and retired habits, Colonel Blake had no intimate friends in his

own neighbourhood; unaccustomed to business, and particularly unacquainted with law, there was no one to whom he could apply for advice on his private affairs but his kinsman; and although Mike had been improvident and unfortunate himself—like many persons who have failed in life—he was considered capable of giving sound advice to others. It struck the Colonel that, in the new arrangements, the management of the estate might safely be confided to him; for the duty of an agent, at that time, was confined to the letting of land and receipt of rent, and those duties Mike was perfectly competent to perform; by this means a respectable and lucrative occupation would be provided for Mike, and his constant residence at the Castle would be secured. It was now particularly irksome to the Colonel to receive strangers, and it was indispensable for his comfort that he should have some one near him, who would serve as a connecting link with the outer world, with which he was more than ever disinclined to hold any direct communication. The proposal was gratefully accepted by Mike, who, poor fellow, having acquired experience too late, began to feel the unpleasantness of being a dependant; not that he perceived any falling off in the attentions of his friends, nor diminution of their hospitalities; but he had lived long enough to repent the consequences of past indiscretions, and to ambition an independence, acquired by his own honest exertions. He was no fool, but only the victim of the vicious system which prevailed in his youth; and was rather to be pitied, for the false position in which he was placed on entering life, than condemned for yielding to the temptations which surrounded him, and following the example of the thoughtless and pleasure-seeking class amongst whom his lot was cast. The day of his public appointment to the agency was a happy one on the entire estate, and when night came, the mountain sides were illuminated by bonfires; the poor tenantry considered it a blessing to be released from the grinding oppression of the attorney, and their delight was unbounded at "getting under a real gentleman, and one of their own fine old stock." When the intelligence of this event reached Mr. Clipper, he became more formally importunate; had a regular specification of his claims served upon Colonel Blake, accompanied by a notice, that if they were not satisfied or arranged before a certain day, legal proceedings would be had recourse to, for the purpose of enforcing their liquidation; a private letter, forwarded by post, expressed the regret Mr. Clipper felt at being obliged to adopt such a course; and requested that, as Colonel Blake had appointed a land agent, he would, without delay, appoint a law one. A bill, Bingham *v.* Bingham, had been that day filed, and, as proceedings were about to be vigorously pushed, it would be necessary to have some solicitor to look after the defendant's interests, for whom he could not thenceforth be in anywise concerned; he further suggested that some person should be deputed to settle his accounts as land agent, to whom he might surrender his books, when a final arrangement was made; but he positively declined holding communication on this, or any other subject, with Mr. Michael Blake.

In those days people expected that the legal gentlemen employed in the conduct of a suit should fully identify themselves with the feelings of

their clients; they were never looked upon as competent to defend the rights, unless they proved their sincerity by being prepared, personally, to resent the injuries inflicted upon their employers; and the attorney or barrister who was not always ready to counterbalance a check in the Court by a shot in the "fifteen acres," was at once suspected of "selling the cause," and sacrificing the interests of those who placed confidence in his honesty. The first consideration which then generally influenced a litigant in selecting a solicitor was the existing state of feeling between the person pitched upon, and his legal opponent on the opposite side; it was considered sound policy that they should, if possible, be the most determined personal enemies, and no one felt more convinced of the absolute necessity of adhering strictly to this well-established rule than Master Mike. At the Colonel had no predilection for any member of the profession, the appointment rested in his hands; and, as might be expected, he engaged a gentleman more remarkable for his pugnacious capabilities than for his legal lore. Mr. Pepper had been imprisced some months for flogging Mr. Clipper at a contested election—this was one qualification; he was at daggers drawn with Mr. Pincher—that constituted a second; and from those antecedents, Mike sagely concluded that there need be no apprehension of a compromise, and no danger of a "sell."

Mr. Pepper, of course, scouted the idea of Mr. Clipper's being able to substantiate his demands; open war was declared, and Colonel Blake found himself involved in a Chancery suit, as guardian of his niece, in whose failure or success his own interests were seriously involved; and in common law proceedings on his own account. During his employer's absence, Clipper had instituted proceedings of all kinds to harass the tenantry, on pretence of maintaining royalties, which could never be of the slightest value to the owner in fee; and thus, in his doubtful capacity as solicitor and land agent, had robbed the landlord, and ruined the occupier; his bills of costs under those heads were taxed, after a fearful contest between the attorneys, and Mike was quite charmed with matters as far as they had yet proceeded; nothing could be more commendable than Mr. Pepper's conduct; he had thrice, during the conflict, given the lie direct to Clipper, without, as he triumphantly remarked, "putting a tooth in it;" and at length became so violent in his demeanour, that it was considered necessary to bind him over to keep the peace. His attachment to his client's interests could not possibly be doubted after such a decided exhibition of his feelings; and when unable to succeed in reducing the amount of his opponent's claims to anything like the extent he had anticipated and promised, he assured Mike, to his great comfort, that his failure was not of the slightest consequence, as they were then only battling the amount of costs, which he was sure to get rid of altogether by proceedings in equity, as all the suits for which they were incurred had been unwarrantably undertaken.

CHAPTER VII.

WHEN the elder Martin died suddenly, soon after his son's execution, the estate passed to a cousin, then far advanced in life. The person who so unexpectedly inherited, had squandered his paternal property in the dissipation of a fashionable life, and when quite cleaned out, had married a widow, with a well-paid jointure of six hundred a year. The honeymoon was scarcely over before half the lady's income was disposed of to relieve the household furniture from an execution, laid on by one of her husband's creditors. As Mr. Richard Martin formed the connection from mercenary motives, and his wife found herself despoiled to liquidate debts which she had had no hand in contracting, it may be easily supposed that the "menage" was not a happy one. When good luck did arrive, it helped not to allay the family dissensions; the husband consoled himself in the enjoyment of the pleasures which his newly-acquired wealth enabled him to indulge in. He rarely stayed at home—while the wife remained altogether at Castlemore, her only society being a son by her former marriage, then about fifteen years of age. They had not, however, been a second year in possession of the estate, when the exulting lady announced to her liege lord that she found herself in an interesting condition. To a person of his selfish disposition, this communication afforded no extraordinary pleasure; he had already all he cared for in life—abundance of money, to gratify his tastes and appetites—he professed no affection for his wife, and was indifferent as to who might be his successor; it was only when subsequently apprised by letter that the certainty of having a family was now fully confirmed, that the old gentleman began to evince any particular interest in the matter; he then formally proclaimed the anticipated event at his club, and seemed gratified at being quizzed on the subject by his companions, during their nocturnal revelries. It was not until he received intelligence of the birth of a daughter, that he considered it necessary to set out for home—where the young heiress was duly presented for his paternal embrace. After a few months the happy father died of gout in the stomach, at "Daly's Club-house," leaving this daughter to inherit his fortune, and a widow easily reconciled to his loss. The infant was at once made a ward of Chancery, the mother being allowed the house and demesne, together with a handsome provision for its maintenance, which constituted her chief means of support, for less than one-third of her first jointure now remained; no settlement had been made at her second marriage, because her husband had then nothing to settle upon her, and the suddenness of his death, or disinclination, prevented his taking the necessary steps to rectify the omission, when he possessed the means of doing so. Mrs. Martin, therefore, in a worldly point of view, had gained nothing, but a loss, by what turned out to be a splendid alliance. So long as she continued to be entrusted with the personal guardianship of her daughter, all would be well, for the allowance she received was most liberal; but should the young lady marry, the mother would be suddenly reduced from affluence to comparative poverty;

and this, to a woman of expensive habits, was by no means a satisfactory or pleasing prospect; she therefore early determined that the heiress should not form any matrimonial connection during her minority, if she could help it; and she hoped that filial affection, together with the ascendancy which she expected to attain, would induce her daughter, when she came of age, to make a suitable addition to her income. As the heiress advanced in years, she became more and more unamiable, her personal appearance grew less attractive—and her guardian's influence over her gradually decreased; she soon acquired a knowledge of her own importance, and was not slow in taking advantage of it. She made the concession of a settlement, when she should attain her majority, wholly dependent on a complete acquiescence in her wishes, while she remained a minor; and caused serious apprehensions in her mother's mind that, notwithstanding a strictly domestic education, and the studied care taken to exclude all suitable male society from the house, she might follow her own inclinations, and escape from her tutelage before the object her guardian had in view could be attained. It happened that Mr. Pincher, having been professionally concerned for Mrs. Martin in some small matter at the Quarter Sessions, where the family solicitor would have considered it a degradation to attend, had come to Castlemore to render an account of his proceedings, and willingly accepted an invitation to remain for dinner; being the only gentleman the heiress had been allowed to come in contact with, he, without suspecting his good fortune, made a deep impression on her very susceptible imagination. The young lady, however, determined that he should not remain long in ignorance of her feelings towards him; she contrived to establish a private correspondence, which was regularly carried on, notwithstanding the mother's vigilance, until Pincher succeeded in entrapping her into a clandestine marriage. Having in so far secured the prize, he had no objection to humour his wife's fancies, and becoming acquainted with her desire to live in Dublin, and with her mother's opposition and designs, he urged his better-half to persevere in her demand, hoping that Mrs. Martin's fear of consequences would induce her to resist, and that, ill-feeling being thus generated between them, his future income might remain undiminished, without the necessity of any open interference on his part. Meanwhile, he took every precaution to conceal his connection with the heiress, for an application to the Chancellor, before she came of age, would not only have subjected the husband to pains and penalties, but worse still, would have released the lady from her engagement, and left her hand again at her own disposal. Pincher, too, had another motive for giving such counsel; he had already become in some degree acquainted with the unrestrained violence of his wife's disposition, and dreaded leaving her exposed to temptation, in a position where he could exercise no control; he feared her inconstancy, well knowing that his matrimonial claims were legally untenable, and he wished her to reside in town, where she would be surrounded by his friends, (for his uncle, Mr. Blatherwell, had long been Mrs. Martin's legal adviser,) and where he would find more constant opportunities of holding intercourse with her.

Mrs. Martin's rage and disappointment may be imagined, when, on the very day she was discharged from the control of the Chancellor, her daughter announced her determination legally to confirm a connection which she had already privately formed. The mother's fruitless opposition was made a pretext for refusing the additional settlement, and breaking off all future intercourse between them. Immediately after the publication of the marriage, Pincher was appointed to the commission of the peace, and named high sheriff of the county. Captain O'Mahoney's trick had nearly upset all his designs, but having been recognised by an officer in the ship, to which he was transferred from the tender, Pincher was quickly set at liberty; and, supposing that the Captain would observe silence on the subject, for fear of consequences, he determined to let the matter pass unnoticed on his part. But Mrs. Richard Martin was not to be so easily disposed of. She proposed terms, and when they were rejected, wrote both to Pincher and his uncle Blatherwell, threatening some terrible disclosures. She had her letters delivered by her son, the day previous to the marriage of her daughter, and concluded by stating, in legal phraseology, "that they were now purchasers with notice." The contents of those mysterious communications produced a very unpleasant effect upon the parties to whom they were addressed; but it was now too late to hesitate; and well knowing, that any vacillation on his part, would only increase his mother-in-law's pretensions, Pincher set her at defiance. Fortune seemed to smile on the rising man; disappointment and mortification produced a fever, which terminated fatally, and released him most seasonably from all further apprehensions on Mrs. Martin's account.

Mr. Blatherwell, the eminent barrister, and Pincher's uncle, being an attentive and decorous frequenter of church, contrived to insinuate himself into the graces of some persons of rank, who were charmed by the probity of his life, and the unbending sternness of his political principles; yet, under the garb of meek humility, the lawyer concealed an arrogant and aspiring disposition; he possessed no remarkable abilities, but he had indomitable perseverance, and understood the science of "booming" to perfection; independent private circumstances enabled him to play his own card; to join an aristocratic connection was the first object of his solicitude, and he clearly perceived that his best chance of success lay in making his approaches to those he sought after, by the "covert way" of religion. His sons and daughters were good-looking; and as he already possessed wealth, he now ambitioned station; he, therefore, when his children arrived at a presentable age, and he felt himself fully enabled to launch into the necessary expenses, commenced operations in a most strategical manner. There was no church to be endowed—no mission to be succoured—no charitable institution to be supported—no political act of his party to be sustained—that his hand was not open, and his money expended with liberality. It was always, too, an additional cause of admiration in the eyes of his patrons, that he invariably divided the merit derived from those good acts with his family. It was said to be "touching" to see his children introduced on every possible occasion; it was at once a proof of his paternal love, and of

his desire to set an example by which others might profit. No old lady took up a morning paper without scanning the long list of Blatherwells appended to each charitable announcement—until at length their names became familiar to the public, and were stereotyped by the newspaper people as a permanent source of diurnal profit.

Mr. Blatherwell had attained the rank of K.C., and the "silk gown" communicated additional humility, and unction to his manner; but he felt that his exertions and his expenditure had been, as yet, at least, all but fruitless; he was asked out a good deal, and mixed much in the religious society of the class with which he desired to be identified; but, somehow or other, his family were not treated with the same attention. He was, however, too good a tactician to relinquish the advantages already obtained, and too persevering a man to abandon all hope of ultimate success.

It happened that a meeting was called in a distant county town, by a nobleman of much influence and strong religious feeling, in aid of the Society "For Converting the Bushmen of New South Wales to Christianity." Into the favour of this particular personage Blatherwell had long endeavoured to introduce himself; but his lordship was a man of ancient descent, and high aristocratic ideas; he patronised the aspiring lawyer in public, chatted to him in committee-rooms, and drank wine with him at charity dinners, yet never dreamt of granting the "Parvenue" the "entree" to his house, or admission to his family circle.

Mr. Blatherwell saw the notification in the papers, while preparing to go circuit. The county town, where the assizes were to be held, lay within a few miles of the place of meeting; and, as the commission would not be opened until the day after the meeting was held, he determined to attend. It would exhibit his devotion to the cause; his respect for the peer—and might possibly procure an invitation to Heatheringfield Manor, which lay close by. Great was Lord Heatheringfield's astonishment on seeing the worthy King's Counsel standing before the inn-door, as he drove up, accompanied by his family. He was charmed and flattered at the attention, and expressed how much he felt the compliment to himself, when he considered the inconvenience which his attendance must entail upon a barrister in such extensive practice. He presented Blatherwell to the Countess and her daughters, and insisted on his accompanying them home when the business of the day was concluded, and passing the night at the manor. It was only after the invitation had been warmly pressed that the cunning lawyer seemed to remember that his son accompanied him; he professed the honour he should feel at being his lordship's guest, but then his eldest boy, whom he begged leave to introduce, happened to be with him, and perhaps it would be inconvenient. Lord Heatheringfield was evidently taken aback; however, he could not possibly avoid asking the young man to partake of his hospitality, and he did so. As the peer and the barrister walked arm in arm to the committee-room, to make the preliminary arrangements, the latter took the opportunity of informing his lordship that he brought Theobald Frederick with him, because he wished him to see how a man of wealth and rank should conduct himself amongst his own people. "The fortune which

Providence permitted him to leave his child was considerable, and would enable him, if properly expended, to do much good, were he even, at an humble distance, to follow the bright example which would be exhibited to him during his short visit to this part of the country.

The Court-house was crammed with ladies, but in the committee-room there was only a small attendance of gentlemen, and there was great difficulty in finding proposers and seconders for the long string of resolutions which Lord Heatheringfield had carried, ready "cut and dry," in his pocket. Blatherwell, of course, undertook the charge of one, but it was only by shifting the "personel" and changing the proposer of one into the seconder of another resolution, that the necessities of the occasion could be at all supplied. By the time they arrived at the last on the list, all possible combinations had been exhausted, and it was an important one; no less than a vote of thanks to the noble chairman. Every one's modesty seemed to recoil before the task, not that the character of the Earl did not merit every encomium which could be heaped upon it, but because each person professed an inability to do justice to his merit. Mr. Blatherwell suddenly left his place, held a short colloquy with his son in one of the windows, during which he appeared to coax and encourage the young man, and returned just in time to intercept the dispensary doctor, who was on the point of announcing his own readiness "to undertake the great responsibility."

"My lord," said Mr. Blatherwell, in his meekest accents, "I have just persuaded my boy, (if your lordship and the gentlemen present consent,) to propose the last resolution. I should not have taken the liberty of interfering, but it strikes me that any allusion to your lordship's character and conduct will come with better grace from one altogether unconnected with your lordship, than from those who are naturally prejudiced in your lordship's favour by the enthusiastic admiration which your personal worth inspires; or bound to your lordship by a grateful recollection of the benefits, which, as neighbours or tenants, your kindness and generosity may have conferred upon them."

The chairman bowed—the meeting cheered.

"My child," he continued, "may not perform his task to our perfect satisfaction, but what he does say will, at least, have the merit of coming from the heart, although it will not have the advantage of previous preparation."

While the managers were arranging matters in the committee-rooms, the sexton and clerk had been sent round the town to announce the unexpected appearance of the distinguished Barrister, and to notify that he intended to address the meeting. The exertions of "the whips" were attended with considerable success, and when Lord Heatheringfield took the chair, he presided over "a numerous and respectable" assembly.

The lion of the day came out strong; he was by no means an orator, but his auditory considered it a duty to recognise his reputed talents, and they applauded accordingly.

When Theobald Frederick rose he appeared nervous, but was encon-

raged by his father, who stood beside him. He apologised for the rashness with which he had undertaken to speak at a moment's notice ; relied on the kindness of his auditory being extended to his first attempt in public, and declared that he should never have been able to muster sufficient courage to proceed, were not the virtues of the noble subject of his eulogium so transparent as to need no additional embellishment. His exordium over, he recovered his self-possession, "laid it on thick," and delivered with considerable effect, (as extempore,) a studied panegyric on the public and private virtues of Lord Heatheringfield, which his father had carefully prepared, the very hour he first saw the advertisement, and which he himself had been in the habit of reciting every day since. His success was complete, the fair occupants of the galleries waved their handkerchiefs, and none seemed more touched by his eloquence than Lady Olivia, the Earl's eldest daughter.

The Chairman, in returning thanks for the honour conferred upon him, referred to the great and promising talents of his young and accomplished friend, and trusted that the period was not far distant when such talents would be rendered beneficial to the good cause, in another and more important assembly.

Blatherwell sat down to dinner that day the happiest of men ; he had previously lectured his son, and had the satisfaction to perceive, during the evening, that Lady Olivia was decidedly prepossessed in his favour, and received his respectful, but studied attentions, with evident marks of pleasure. What a glorious prospect now opened before the ambitious lawyer's eyes—his son married to a daughter of one of the proudest and most powerful houses ; with a seat in Parliament secured for him through the influence of his father-in-law ; he himself might possibly get in too, for some borough. He resolved, at least, that it should be so, if money could accomplish the object. With two votes in the lower house—backed by more than one in the upper—(for in the lady's family and connections there were several peerages,) standing at his profession—weight with his party—wealth—and the influence derived from it—what minister could resist so powerful a combination ? He saw the great seal within his grasp, and spent a sleepless night in selecting the title which he should (when called to the woolsack,) submit for the approbation of his sovereign.

The next morning he set out for the assizes, but as Theobold Frederick intended returning to Dublin, it was settled that he should remain until evening, and travel by the mail. A servant sent to secure his seat found all the inside places already engaged, and the ladies protested against his professed determination to travel on the outside. Lord Heatheringfield had previously started for a distant estate, where he should be detained on business for some days, and after much pressing Theobold Frederick consented to remain until the night following. The coast was now clear—the peer absent, and the peeress occupied in personally attending to the sick and indigent poor, who required her charitable assistance. Our young friend had additional time for action, and being alive to the necessity for despatch, played his part so well, that before he drove to meet the coach next evening he had established a perfect understanding with Lady Olivia ;

she had already assured him of her affection, and arranged a plan which would enable them to correspond without any danger of detection.

It would be difficult to describe the transports of old Blatherwell when he received the tidings of his son's success. Prudence, however, forbade his going at once straight to his object—an elopement could be easily managed, but then a marriage without the consent of Lord Heatheringfield would baulk half his expectations; a lady wife might indeed be insured for his son, but then the seat in Parliament by her family interest—the woolsack—all might be jeopardized by so hazardous a proceeding; he therefore determined to make his advances cautiously—fully aware of the vast disparity of rank which existed between his son and the object of his ambition, and well knowing the Earl's pride of ancestry, he was abashed at the disclosures which must be made relative to his own humble lineage, and almost despaired of succeeding in his attempt to induce the haughty nobleman to sanction so unequal a match; but he also knew that the Heatheringfield ladies had long been remarkable for self-will, and that more than one had given way to impulse, and contracted "misalliances," considered disgraceful by their family, and this encouraged him not a little.

Blatherwell's first step now was to secure territorial possessions; he purchased a considerable estate a few miles distant from Dunseverick Castle, which happened to be then in the market, and publicly announced his determination to start his son as a candidate for the representation of the county on the very first opportunity. As he had no family connections, and no claims for support, he resolved to influence the electors by other means; he commenced buying up the charges affecting the properties of the county gentlemen; and proposed further accommodation at reduced interest to such as required it. The transactions were carried on in the names of others, and Mr. Blatherwell did not appear interested in the matter, when, in reality he had many of the leading proprietors of the county already in his pocket. At that time the tenantry never dreamt of opposing their landlords. The election was generally pre-arranged in the grand jury-room; and the creditor was prepared to exhibit his power over his unsuspecting debtors, and to use it, too, in case of non-compliance with his wishes; the wily lawyer proceeded "*pari pasu*," to make good his ground with the Earl. The property of the Marquis of Tullavin, a near connection of the Heatheringfield's was about being brought to the hammer, when he was confidentially informed that the amount necessary to discharge the claims affecting it was ready to be lent him, at a reduced rate of interest, provided that in return he gave his support to young Blatherwell at the next election. The Marquis was at first disposed to resent the proposition, but on reflection, the terms being advantageous, and the candidate's political opinions congenial with his own, he accepted the offer.

Preliminary matters were all arranged, but when the deeds came to be drawn, a blot was discovered, and an objection made. A mortgage for £10,000, vested in Lord Heatheringfield, was said to be badly charged. The Marquis declared that, rightly charged or not, it must be paid. Blatherwell's solicitor pleaded duty to his client. The Marquis stormed, and the

negociation was broken off. The creditors of the Marquis became infuriated, and the suit was pressed with the utmost vigour, when the same friend, who first made proposals to the disappointed nobleman, informed him that the affair might still be satisfactorily concluded if he would use his influence to forward young Blatherwell's union with Lady Olivia; in case of success, the mortgage would be accepted for the bride's fortune, and instantly cancelled. The Marquis, now quite driven to the wall, swallowed the bait. Lord Heatheringfield was shocked at the insult offered to his family, but the young lady expressed her determination to marry, whether her father would or not. The settlement proposed was handsome; the mother interceded; the Marquis tendered his *disinterested* advice, and a reluctant consent, founded on a dread of the consequences of refusal, having been wrung from the Earl, the world was astonished to see, under the heading of "Marriage in High Life," the union of T. F. Blatherwell, Esq., with the Lady Olivia Heatheringfield.

The assizes were now at hand, and the High Sheriff came down to take possession of the mansion of the ancient family, whose heiress he had married, and whose name he had assumed—he visited the jail officially, and amongst other important acts, displaced the governor, who had served for nearly half a century; dismissed the former sub-sheriff, who was an universal favourite, and filled the situations with creatures of his own. The day for opening the commission arrived, and Pincher Martin made a splendid appearance, his turn out was unexceptionable, his liveries gorgeous, his javelin men numerous and well appointed, and he himself seemed in the highest spirits, as he dashed proudly through the town, conveying the Judge, who had been his guest the night before, to the court-house.

Although his father's property in the county was so lately purchased, Theobald Blatherwell was placed very high upon the grand jury, to the great disgust of the ancient magnates, some of whom openly declared that they considered being called below him as an insult, for which they were determined to bring the sheriff to account, the instant the judge should have passed the confines of the county. True bills were found against Richard Johnson, for the murder of James Bradley, his messmate; but the prisoner's attorney having sworn that he was unable to secure the attendance of important witnesses, the Court adjourned the trial until the ensuing assizes.

Fortune seemed to favour the ambition of the elder Blatherwell,—one of the members for the county was appointed to a lucrative situation, which would oblige him to resign his seat. The fact was privately communicated to the old gentleman, who posted express to the family mansion, where his son resided, and the first intimation of the vacancy in their representation which the electors received, was the address of Theobald Frederick Blatherwell soliciting their support.

The new candidate's presumption raised a shout of mockery and contempt; an opposition was at once determined on; but little time was left for preparation, as the writ had already reached the sheriff, who named the earliest possible day for holding the election. A gentleman of family and personal influence was selected as the champion of the aristocracy; but, on

prosecuting his canvass, he was surprised to find the sudden apathy, which had seized upon his hitherto most ardent supporters; and, to the astonishment of all, and the bitter disappointment of many, he himself published a letter on the very eve of the election, thanking those who had promised him their votes, but stating that circumstances of a private nature compelled him to withdraw from the contest. Colonel Blake, and Mike as his agent, had exerted every nerve to stir up the opposition; the former consented, much against his will, to propose the popular candidate, and it was only on his arrival in the county town that he had the mortification to learn the sudden change in the state of affairs. Mike went about, soliciting every person who had any pretensions to fight the battle of independence, without success. He suggested insulting young Blatherwell in such a manner as would render it impossible for him to appear before calling out his assailant; he even offered to bell the cat himself, and when this proposition was considered useless, he pathetically lamented the times gone by; and declared that, "it was a burning shame to see an election lost, which might possibly be saved by a thimble full of powder."

At the appointed hour the proceedings commenced; and, there being no opposition, Theobald Frederick was declared knight of the shire for one of the largest and most aristocratic counties in Ireland. When the current of good luck sets in, it is said to flow strongly. Few men had more pleasing evidence of the truth of this adage than the elder Blatherwell. It was astonishing how quickly, after the son had taken his seat, the hitherto latent merits of his father were discovered by the ministry, and how promptly and liberally they seemed disposed to requite past political services. A puisne judge died most opportunely, and the appointment (admitted to be unequal to his deserts,) was placed at the disposal of the distinguished K.C. The wary lawyer did not hesitate for a moment. The position was far below what he ultimately expected to attain, but it formed a step in the ladder which he determined to mount; it was something to sit upon the bench, and always well to have a good place to resign when soliciting a better.

Time wore on, and there were no tidings of Lloyd Pennant. As regarded him, things remained in *statu quo*; but the law suits in which Colonel Blake was involved proceeded, without abatement, steadily towards their conclusion. First, the equity suit went against Miss Bingham, and her brother's estate passed to his next male heir, unincumbered by the money which had been advanced to pay off the mortgages. Then came a verdict, obtained by Clipper against Colonel Blake, for those same moneys, which he had paid under his former client's written directions. The third suit, for Clipper took a separate action for the costs and balance due him, as law and land agent, had a similar result. The defendant was again defeated; and, in his address to the jury, the plaintiff's counsel expatiated most feelingly on "the ingratitude of persons who, after benefitting by the professional exertions of their solicitors, then turned on their preservers, and sought to evade the payment of the paltry remuneration which the law allowed them." Each of those decisions added heavily to the original claim, and Colonel Blake found that he should have saved largely had he,

in the first instance, quietly submitted to the original imposition. His temper became soured; he made some sharp remarks upon the unfortunate consequences that had resulted from following the advice of Mr. Pepper, which Mike took greatly to heart—the unsuccessful attorney having been employed on his recommendation: he determined to seek an interview with him, and hear what he had to say in self-justification—but Mr. Pepper had not as yet arrived in the neighbourhood: the solicitor of those days had generally “a place” in the county, and being, in most instances, a sort of amphibious animal, half land, half law shark, often laid claim to the standing of a country gentleman, irrespective of the dignity conferred upon him by act of parliament. He did things, too, in a more dashing style, and in a more agreeable manner, than his pettyfogging and degenerate successors of the present day, who too-often retain all the bad, without possessing one of the good, qualities of their prototypes. The profession was then in a state of transition, Pepper being the representative of the past, and Pincher of the rising race of practitioners. The former destroyed their clients, it is true, as effectually as the latter, but after a different fashion—during the progress of their ruin. Pepper entertained and accommodated his employers so long as they could give security. When “polished off,” he was always ready to afford them personal satisfaction, if they felt discontented with any item in his bill of costs, or any portion of his professional conduct. Danger was now at the door, and Colonel Blake was compelled to look it boldly in the face; he had never contemplated the possibility of being placed in such a position as that in which he now found himself. The lassitude produced by his mental sufferings had rendered him of late, in a manner, indifferent to all going on around him, and it was not until fairly roused by the dread of proceedings, which would publicly disgrace him, that he made any exertion to ward off the threatened blow. He wrote to Pepper, requesting him at once to ascertain Mr. Clipper’s intentions, and apprise him of the result, as it was possible that the latter might now refuse to take security, or grant the accommodation which he had originally offered. After some days of suspense, he was informed that Clipper was more tractable than could have been anticipated; he admitted his proposal to accept a mortgage on the Dunseverick estates for the sums advanced to relieve the Bingham property, and he was still willing to abide by that offer; but, with respect to the other accounts—namely, the debt due to him as agent, by Colonel Blake, and the costs incurred as solicitor, in protecting the interests of his own and his nephew’s estates—he had made no promise, and could enter into no arrangement. Those claims must be discharged in hard cash, and without any further delay. Mr. Pepper congratulated the Colonel on this favourable termination of the affair, and attributed the good terms he was enabled to obtain to his own determined deportment at the interview, which, no doubt, had its due effect, as Clipper was well aware, that the period for which he had been bound to keep the peace was just expired. “The heavy debts,” he said, “might now be considered as satisfactorily settled; and he advised that funds should be immediately procured to discharge the small one, (only some thousands,) as

the consequence of leaving himself in his adversary's power, might be unpleasant."

It so happened that Colonel Blake, as the trustee of his niece, had invested ten thousand pounds (her fortune) on a mortgage recommended as first-rate security by Mr. Clipper, and the thought struck him that the transfer of this sum would meet the exigencies of the occasion; he felt no hesitation in making use of this money, as he had already executed his will in favour of Miss Bingham, and its appropriation would save, what ultimately must be hers, from further legal destruction; he therefore wrote to Clipper, expressing his readiness to execute the proposed mortgage on his own estate, and to assign the one he had on Johnson's in liquidation of the second claim on receiving back the surplus; but, to his astonishment, Clipper declined the offer; "he could not afford," he said, "to pay the difference, as all his ready cash had been disposed of in accommodating his clients, neither would his necessities enable him to wait during the time which must elapse before Johnson's debt could be made available; and, further, he refused to deliver up the deeds, which would enable Colonel Blake to call in Miss Bingham's fortune, until the sum due to himself should be first liquidated. In this emergency the Colonel applied to his banker in Dublin, (an old friend,) for a loan of the requisite sum, stating, at the same time, the particulars of the security he was prepared to offer. An immediate reply expressed that gentleman's willingness to accommodate him on the terms proposed. All danger might now, therefore, be looked upon as over, and the whole affair considered as definitively wound up. The banker's letter was enclosed to Pepper, with directions to have the transfer executed with all possible despatch; and the Colonel and Master Mike dismissed all further care on that score from their minds.

It was a great relief—until placed in it Colonel Blake could not have realized the misery of the situation from which he had just escaped. He had been dragged to the edge of the precipice, and narrowly escaped being cast over. The excitement had roused him from his former state of apathy; and, to Kate's great delight, he proposed that they should all take a trip to one of the fashionable English watering places.

In due time Mr. Clipper announced that the deed of mortgage was prepared, and would be sent down in a few days; he pleaded motives of delicacy for not attending himself, but Mr. Sharp, the sub-sheriff, had kindly undertaken to see it executed, and proposed calling at Dunseverick Castle for that purpose.

It was only when the mysteriously-worded parchments were spread before him that the unhappy gentleman, about to pledge his patrimony, fully appreciated the importance of the proceeding. When he read the covenants, and saw the witnesses, he would, were it possible, have recoiled from the act. A moment's consideration, however, convinced him that it was then unavoidable; and the free and easy manner of Mr. Sharp so disgusted him, that to bring their interview to a speedy conclusion, he hurriedly seized the pen and affixed his signature.

The execution of the first mortgage is an event seldom obliterated from

the memory, and the reminiscence of the fatal act is generally accompanied by a sense of independence lost, and of ruin in perspective. As the Colonel strolled through his grounds, after Sharp's painful visit, he dare scarcely look upon the trees, of whose antiquity and giant size he was so justly vain; and, when he reached a seat, placed beneath an enormous oak, on which he usually rested, he hesitated to avail himself of the shelter of a time-honoured friend, whom he had but just before handed over to the tender mercies of a rapacious attorney. The same feeling haunted him as he re-entered his noble hall. The proud consciousness of exclusive ownership was fled. "Trees and castle, they are no longer really mine," he mentally exclaimed, "for another may now legally claim them."

The pressing affairs of business being concluded, and the necessary preparations for their journey completed, post-horses were ordered, to the great satisfaction of Tim, who was fond of travelling, and of the lady's maid, who longed to see "foreign parts" and foreign beaux. Mike declined to join the party; he had no wish to visit the haunts of fashion, and, besides, his presence would be required at the Castle during its master's absence.

On the eve of their departure Kate Bingham sat alone in the drawing-room. It was the dusk of a still, calm evening in July, and the pervading loneliness seemed to have deeply affected her spirits; she took her harp, and sung, but paused frequently while struggling to restrain her feelings. So absorbed was she by her thoughts that Mike entered the room unperceived, and stood behind her for some minutes in silence. She commenced a favourite air of Pennant's; her first notes were firm and perfect as when he hung upon them with delight, but soon her voice wavered. She paused, stopped, and burst into tears. Mike could stand it no longer; he had heretofore studiously avoided inquiring as to what extent matters had been carried between Pennant and herself. He had noticed her ill-disguised anxiety, and had often endeavoured to comfort her by indirect allusions, although he had never ventured to speak openly on the painful subject. Now, however, he abandoned all reserve, placing his hands upon the weeping girl's head, he besought her to cheer up—in his own unsophisticated way, seeking to comfort her. "All will be well, and soon, my dear child, so don't fret. From my heart I pity you; and there's nothing on this earth I won't do to assist you. We shall have good news before long, depend upon it; and maybe I won't dance a hearty 'gig' at your wedding."

"Have you heard anything, cousin?" demanded Kate, (hope springing up in her heart,) as she dried away her tears.

"No, my dear, nothing; but I never lost courage or hope."

"He may be dead; I can conceive no other cause for his absence."

"No, no; no fear of that. There *are* other causes, which I can't as yet disclose."

"Do tell me," said the excited girl, seizing his hand; "do tell me, Cousin Mike. You know not how I have suffered, and what a relief it would be to my mind to know he were living and well, even though I

should never see him more—although (she added in a subdued tone) that, indeed, would embitter my life.”

“I can’t break confidence,” replied Mike; “but I promise you that I shall leave no stone unturned to discover him.”

“Thank you, dear cousin, for that, and all your other kindnesses. And you will write to me—won’t you? and tell me all that happens? and you’ll let me hear from you often? for you know how impatient I shall be.”

“You may depend on me,” said Mike; “but now retire to rest—sleep well, and be a good girl. I go before you in the morning to Creek Town, to receive some money. I shall have luncheon prepared for you; and when you drive up let me see you hearty and cheerful; and, above all things, be sure you don’t mention the conversation we have had, either to Mrs. Bolingbroke or your uncle.”

Mike kissed her forehead, and prayed a blessing on her. As they parted, his heart felt the lighter for having in some degree consoled the desponding girl; while Kate’s hopes revived, from having learned (although ignorant of the particulars) that Pennant’s absence could be accounted for otherwise than by imputing it to infidelity. She had also found a confidant possessed of her secret, to whom she might freely unburden her mind, and in whose unflinching devotion she could repose the most unbounded trust.

Colonel Blake was the first of the family afoot in the morning—his impatience to be off increasing since he had signed the deeds, and by ten o’clock all was ready for the start. Tim ordered the carriage round with an air of the most dignified importance. The Colonel delayed, arranging some papers in the library; Mrs. Bolingbroke sat ready in the drawing-room; Kate was adjusting her cloak and bonnet. The imperial and boxes had been regularly arranged, and the post-boys were mounted, after having tied up their broken harness, and borrowed all the bits of spare strings to be found amongst the bystanders, in anticipation of future ruptures. The steps were down, the lady’s-maid already in the rumble, and Tim proceeded to announce that all was ready, when Mr. Sharp, attended by two other men on horseback, rode hurriedly up. All three dismounted and entered the hall. Mr. Sharp asked to see the Colonel. A servant, who took the message, returned, with his master’s compliments, to say he had not then time to receive the gentleman; but, as he presumed his visit was connected with business, he begged to refer him to Mr. Michael Blake, who would be at home next day. Mr. Sharp, while awaiting the answer, had, uninvited, entered the parlour, and when he received it, roughly replied—“That won’t do—I must see him;” then, whispering something to his companions, one noiselessly followed the footman, who, astonished at such rudeness, went back to his master, while the other mounted the stairs, and rushed towards a room in which he heard persons talking. The ruffian unhesitatingly burst open the door, and presented himself to the astonished Kate, with a printed paper in one hand and a cocked pistol in the other.

“Spare us—spare my uncle, for mercy’s sake!” cried the affrighted

girl, as she fell upon her knees and grasped his coat-skirts. "You shall have all our money, but spare our lives."

"I want neither your lives nor your money," said the brutal bailiff, as he disengaged himself from her hold. "You needn't make such a hubbub; it's only a writ and an execution," he continued, as he peered under the bed and opened the wardrobe. You may as well tell where the gentleman is at once—it'll save trouble; he can't escape, as the house is surrounded."

The Colonel, meantime, had been arrested on a writ, marked against his person, at the suit of Mr. Clipper, for one portion of his claims, while his goods and chattels were seized under an execution, issued against him by the same person for another. He sat pale as death in his arm-chair when Kate entered and threw herself into his arms.

There were many of the peasantry and retainers about the place when the sub-sheriff arrived, but the possibility of their master being in his power never once entered their heads. When the fact of his arrest transpired, "boys" were sent off in every direction to rouse the neighbours, and effect a rescue. Mr. Sharp, who seemed flurried by a communication received from one of his people, bluntly told the prisoner that they must be off at once, as he understood an attack was about to be made upon the bailiffs. The thought of a rescue recalled the scene he had witnessed at Squire Ulick's execution to the Colonel's mind. He immediately recovered his self-possession, and, after offering some consolation to the ladies, he followed the sheriff, and entered his carriage; but the post-boys positively refused to stir, and proceeded to unyoke their cattle. Horns were heard sounding on all sides, and men were descending from the hills in every direction. There was no time to be lost. It was only by the earnest entreaties of the Colonel, who assured them that he had but to drive to Creek Town, to have the matter settled, that the lads were induced to move. Once under weigh, they dashed on as rapidly as their horses could travel, and soon got clear of the gathering multitude.

Mike had succeeded in accomplishing his business, luncheon was ready, and he stood in high spirits at the inn door, on the look-out. As the Dunseverick equipage dashed down the street, he entered the house to summon the servants, when, to his astonishment, the carriage swept quickly past, and, after halting for a moment, while Tim descended from the rumble, then followed the road leading to the gaol. It would be difficult to say what feeling predominated in Mike's mind as, after having learned the truth, he strode forward in pursuit. Compassion for his relative's unpleasant position, alternated with indignation at the conduct of the scoundrel, by whose neglect he had been left so completely at the mercy of his enemies; when he saw the Colonel his rage grew boundless. He vowed all sorts of vengeance against Pepper; and cursed the ingratitude of the cowards who had tamely allowed their master to be carried off. But relief was at hand. A neighbouring gentleman, who happened to be in town, and whose solvency could not be doubted, at once proceeded to offer his security for the prompt payment of the debt. Mike now became as elated as he had before been depressed. He shook "the friend in need" by the hand until

he had nearly dislocated his arm, and rallied the prisoner on his dejection.

"Don't fret, Maurice, at what has happened the best of fellows. I managed to avoid it myself, being always prepared, and ready for such an emergency, which you were not, never having anticipated it. Now that you're out, I may say, you can go on to town, and I'll go with you; for I just want to see how Pepper managed to neglect matters after such a fashion. As to the execution against the furniture, I think nothing about that. Look at me; I have been sold out seven times, and, praise be to Heavens, I'm not a bit the worse for it to-day."

Mike and his friend immediately followed Sharp to his office, and, to silence all objections, the latter proposed to pass his bond, payable in one week, for the amount of the writ. Sharp assured them, with extreme civility, that he should not for a moment hesitate in accepting the proposed security, were he acting for himself, but he was only the subordinate of another. He intended dining at the High Sheriff's, and would mention the matter to him during the evening. If the business could be settled according to their wishes, he would let them know next morning.

Mike could not endure such a delay. Every hour the Colonel passed in prison was one of intolerable anguish to him; he, therefore, determined at once to ride to Castlemore, only a few miles distant, and have an interview with Pincher Martin himself. He was soon in the saddle, and had the gratification to learn, on his arrival, that the person he sought after was at home. A footman took his card and compliments, with a message, saying he wished to see the High Sheriff. There was boisterous mirth in the parlour as the man entered. He returned almost instantly.

"Mr. Pincher Martin could not then see Mr. Blake, as he was going to ride, after luncheon, with his uncle, Justice Blatherwell."

"But," said Mike, "tell him I did not come to pay a visit, but to speak with him on business connected with his office."

After a very brief delay, the man swaggered back, with a smirking and impertinent air, to say, "that the High Sheriff, who never interfered in the business of the office, referred him to Mr. Sharp."

"But——," remonstrated Mike.

"There's no use in your talking," interrupted the footman. "I won't go in again. I tell you, I darn't do it." He turned to joke with a housemaid passing through the hall, and, when he had his laugh, deliberately opened the door, and requested Mike to go on, as "the quality" were just coming out.

A day before, and Mike would have punished the fellow on the spot, and afterwards administered personal chastisement to his more insolent master, but the dread of injuring the Colonel, or delaying his release, restrained him now. He walked from the house where, in his boyhood, he had passed many a happy hour, with the blush of shame upon his brow. As he mounted his horse, he saw the windows filled with ladies, gratifying their curiosity at his expense, and he recognised the satanic leer of Pincher, as he glared on him over the shoulders of his wife. As he cantered back, he

decided on his future proceedings. If the sub-sheriff rejected the arrangement proposed, now that the matter was left entirely at his discretion, he determined to start himself for Dublin. Post-horses had already been ordered along the road. By travelling night and day, he should make more speed than the coach, and be enabled to release the prisoner with his own money, by far the most desirable method of winding up the affair. His clerk could not say where Mr. Sharp had gone to; and when Mike intercepted that gentleman endeavouring to make his escape by a back way, he hemmed and hawed so, and talked so much of his responsibility, and of his dread of committing his principal, that Mike turned abruptly from him; communicated the result of his interview, and the resolution which he had taken, to the Colonel; wrote a consolatory note to Kate; and rattled off in a post-chaise, on his journey. By dint of whiskey and cash, judiciously administered to the post-boys, he made rapid progress; and, after having sustained some half-dozen upsets, arrived safely at the metropolis on the afternoon of the following day. He proceeded direct to Mr. Pepper's office.

"Wait a moment," cried that worthy personage, waving his hand as Mike entered, but still continuing to read. "Sit down an instant, my good fellow. I'm terribly busy just now, preparing briefs for a most important motion, to be on to-morrow morning, which entirely escaped my recollection until about an hour ago."

"I'll not wait a second, you infernal rascal!" roared Mike, as, seizing Pepper by the throat, he dragged him across the desk which stood between them.

"What the devil are you at, sir?" cried the attorney, during his transit. "If you want a meeting, sir, you have done enough; let us not disgrace ourselves by boxing."

His assailant at once let go his hold. "You are right, sir; I do want a meeting, and I'll not furnish you with an excuse for avoiding it; neither limb nor eye shall be damaged."

"Then," exclaimed the attorney, with impetuosity, "consider a message delivered, and name time and place this moment; the sooner and nearer the better, as I have a great deal to do this evening, and don't wish to neglect my clients."

"At once, sir," replied Mike; "the Lots, in half an hour; it's a dirty spot, but quite good enough to shoot an attorney in; a rascal of your sort doesn't deserve a green sod, and if you did, I have neither time nor patience to go to 'the fifteen acres.' The arrangement made, Mike jumped into the chaise, and drove off in search of a friend. Mr. Pepper put aside the briefs so essential to his client's success; and taking a small mahogany box from his desk, he thrust it into a black bag, and directed a shabby-looking boy, half-clerk, half-servant, to go on before him to the place of meeting; he next desired a person from the back office, to run to Mr. Racket, the barrister, and request that he wouldn't wait dinner for him after half-past six; and also to beg that he would apply, at the sitting of the Court next morning, to have the motion postponed, in case the briefs should not reach him before ten that night; then buttoning his surtout to his throat, and seizing

his cane, he briskly proceeded towards the appointed rendezvous, taking the house of a brother-chip, who usually acted as his "fidus achates," on the way. Both parties were punctual to the moment. "Any use in trying to settle?" demanded Mike's friend, (who was altogether ignorant of the cause of quarrel,) as he drew forth a small paper of powder from his waistcoat pocket, and gave his principal a knowing wink, as much as to say, "you see I'm never taken unprepared, it's bone dry."

"Not the least!" shouted both belligerents in concert.

"In that case," added Pepper's man of business, "we may as well toss for choice of place, and signal, and proceed to work at once."

All parties being "au fait" as to the respective duties, but little time was lost in preparation; pistols were handed to the principals when placed; the seconds retired, the word was given—bang together—but no hit.

"Bad luck to you, Teddy," cried Pepper, to the boy who carried the bag, as he waited for his second pistol. "If you dried her as ye ought, she wouldn't have hung fire, and I'd have something for my trouble." Bang again—both hits, Mike's pistol spun into the air, he staggered back, and his right arm fell powerless by his side. Pepper sprang upwards, and landed on the ground in a sitting position. While the surgeon was being called from his place of concealment close by, the combatants continued glaring fiercely at each other. Mike's arm bleeding, the attorney panting heavily, as if hit in the bellows; at length he seemed to recover breath, and placed his hand on his "fob:" "Bad luck to you, Mike, you devil, you've made stirabout of my bran new watch, you might have spared me that expense any how; is it much hurt you are yourself?"

"No," replied Mike, grimly.

"I'm glad of that, for I must be off; I appointed to be at Clipper's at five o'clock, to take the assignment of the mortgage."

"I suppose you are aware that he has the Colonel in gaol, and an execution in the Castle?"

"The Colonel in gaol, and an execution in the Castle!" repeated Mr. Pepper, slowly, and with an emphasis. "Well, then, Mike, from the bottom of my heart I forgive you; I only wonder you didn't knock my brains out with the poker; but it's not my fault, this will be at least the tenth time, I have been at the fellow's house, without being able to see him, he's been out of town; but he's to have a party to-day, so I'm sure to find him now; and by all that's gracious, I'll welt his back for such unprofessional conduct, unless he fights me, if I was to be bound to keep the peace to the last hour of my existence."

"Teddy," (addressing the boy,) "you just run home, sponge the tools, and be sure you dry them, and some powder too." Pepper's ball had struck the stock of Mike's pistol, and wounded his arm at the elbow. "They were neat shots any how," observed the attorney, "but I came off second best in the business. Murther, (looking at the battered watch,) if there happened to be a sorer spot in my body, it's there you'd hit me, Mike."

"It's a foolish thing to wear so valuable an article on such an occasion," replied his late adversary, as he stuffed his wounded arm into the

half-buttoned breast of his coat; "but come along, let's lose no time; I'll go with you to Clipper's."

All was bustle at Mr. Clipper's mansion when they reached it—two footmen in glaring liveries stood in the hall, and everything seemed prepared for the reception of company. "Where is Mr. Clipper?" demanded Pepper, addressing himself to the office-clerk, who was busily employed putting aside papers, and divesting the apartment (about to be converted into a cloak-room) of its professional character.

"He's not come home yet."

"Hell and the devil, sir!" roared Pepper; "didn't you tell me I was sure to see him to-day?"

"I did, sir; but Lord Kilmore won't allow him to leave till after the Tuam steeple-chase; so he can't return until to-morrow. You see he's obliged to disappoint his own friends."

"Are you aware, sir, that, while he has been humbugging me by those repeated delays, he has arrested my client, and seized his goods under execution?"

"So I understand," replied the man, calmly; "but the fact is, he raised money on the securities, and was obliged to give the person who made the advances a letter, authorizing him to proceed in his name. If you call at Spinks' office, you can pay the amount of the writ and execution; and, on bringing me a letter to the effect that the transaction is concluded, the Johnson mortgage will be handed over to you."

Not anticipating any disappointment on the grand dinner-day, Pepper had arranged with the banker's solicitor that the parties interested should call at the bank, where he would be in attendance to receive the transfer and pay the money. Thither Mike and his companion now proceeded, to explain the cause of their inability to produce the promised document. Mr. Docket, who had always transacted Colonel Blake's business, was shocked at the imprisonment of his old friend, and directed his professional man to discharge the debt without any further delay. They found Spinks in his office, received receipts, which had been drawn and left by Clipper, together with a letter to the Sheriff, authorizing the discharge of his prisoner, which Mike forwarded by that night's post to the country. They now returned to Clipper's, only to learn "that office hours were over, and that the clerk had left."

"Well," muttered Mike, with clenched teeth, "when we *do* meet him."

"Aye, when we *do* meet him," re-echoed Pepper.

The servant informed them that the clerk would be in attendance at ten next morning, and the two gentlemen were on the door-steps as the clock struck the hour.

"Not much sign of business here yet," said Pepper, as he pointed to the closed shutters and gave a thundering knock; no answer. "Not up yet; tired, I suppose, after the night," as he again applied himself to the knocker. The square resounded with the force of his blows—still no one stirred. After a few minutes, a woman appeared in the area, and asked what they wanted. In reply to their inquiries, she told them that the family had

left town, and she didn't know when they'd return. The promise of a shilling brought her to the door, and, on entering, they discovered that the house had been stripped of every article of furniture.

"Done brown," was the attorney's first observation; "done brown, sir. He's off, and most likely has made use of Johnson's mortgage for his own purposes."

And so it turned out. To support his extravagant style of living, Clipper had perpetrated many frauds and forgeries, which, if discovered, would have brought him to the scaffold. The threatened calling in of Miss Bingham's money compelled him to fly the kingdom. He had used the ten thousand pounds himself, and fabricated a fictitious deed to satisfy her guardian. This fact was soon ascertained, on application to the solicitor of the supposed borrower. Here was another heavy and unexpected loss to the unfortunate Colonel. On being informed of the fact, Mr. Docket declared that he had made the advance without reference to this particular security, and expressed himself quite willing to await his old friend's convenience for re-payment.

Colonel Blake had remained five days in prison before his release. During this dismal time he declined all visits, and confined himself to an apartment let him by the gaoler at an exorbitant price. It so happened that his lodging overlooked the court-yard, where the prisoners took their exercise; and his attention was attracted by the extraordinary liberty which Johnson, the sailor committed for the murder of his messmate, seemed to enjoy. More than once he saw him in familiar conversation with the High Sheriff; and the man's whole demeanour betokened but little of that apprehension which a person about to undergo the ordeal of a trial for his life, with small chance of escape, would naturally be supposed to feel. In the twilight of the evening before he left, as the Colonel was sitting within his raised window, the entrance-gate, just below him, opened, and the High Sheriff, followed by the gaoler, crossed the yard. After a short delay, the former returned, followed by the sailor. At the conclusion of a conversation, carried on in a low but earnest tone of voice, Johnson said, as they were about to part—"I'll be true as steel, and the devil himself shan't get a word out of me that would harm you." Astonished at what he overheard, the Colonel determined to watch the proceedings of the next assizes closely; and, in order to prevent the possibility of collusion between the crown prosecutors and the culprit, he resolved on employing counsel for the next of kin at his own expense. When he found himself at liberty, and ascertained that the Castle had been purged of its unwelcome visitors, he summoned the ladies, and they proceeded on their projected pleasure trip. Kate was delighted to rejoin her uncle. Since her conversation with Mike her spirits had recovered much of their former elasticity—and all thoughts of what had occurred were banished by the pleasure of the re-union. She beguiled the tediousness of the journey by her gaiety, and made the Colonel at times forget the indignities to which he had been so recently subjected. Mike received the party on their arrival at the hotel in Dublin, and, when the ladies retired to arrange their toilets, he seized the opportunity to com-

municate the unpleasant news of Clipper's flight, now become public, of his many forgeries, and of the almost certain loss of Kate's fortune. The Colonel recovered the shock more quickly than could have been anticipated—disappointments and misfortunes were now become familiar to him. He recommended strict silence on the subject before his niece, and, after securing their berths in the packet about to sail that evening for Holyhead, took Mike with him to the bank, where he passed security for the money so kindly advanced by Mr. Docket. Kate was the belle of the assemblies at Tunbridge Wells—admired as a beauty, and sought after as a fortune; but her affections could not be shaken by any of the glittering throng who ambitioned the conquest—and her heart remained true, and firmly attached to the man who had first taught it to love. Change of scene had done much for her uncle's health, and it was with great reluctance that he set out on his return to Ireland. Had it not been for the duty imposed upon him, it is probable that he would never again have re-visited Dunseverick, as the last rude shock he received there had quite disgusted him, and the state of his affairs imposed the necessity of retrenchment, which could never be effectually carried out at home. From the time he reached the borders of the county his journey resembled a triumphal progress. Wherever the carriage stopped to change horses it was surrounded, and the travellers were cheered by the crowd assembled to greet them. When he neared his own more immediate vicinity, the enthusiasm of the people became irresistible. They shook his extended hands, prayed "long life to himself, and bad luck to his enemies," and finally, unharnessing the horses, drew him in triumph to the Castle. It is one of the many peculiarities of the Irish character, (arising, no doubt, from the hereditary recollections of their own cruel and unjust persecutions, under the most brutal code ever compiled by human ingenuity,) that the victims of the law are always certain to secure the sympathies of the multitude. In this instance public feeling was still further stimulated by the fact, that the object of its admiration was "one of the real old aristocracy of the county." Many a bonfire blazed on the mountain sides the night of their return, and many a barrel of stout home-brewed ale was broached for the thousands who thronged the lawn, and kept up the merry dance until daylight warned them to retire. The Colonel was deeply affected by the spontaneous and hearty reception which he received from his neighbours; and the gratification derived from such a manifestation of their good-will tended to mitigate the feelings of wounded pride and crushed independence, which the recollection of his public exposure and altered circumstances continually excited in his mind. Mike, now recovered from his wound, which he attributed to an accident, shook hands, danced, laughed, and sometimes cried, in the excess of his excitement. He pronounced it to be "a glorious demonstration," which was the more agreeable as the eulogies on his kinsman were generally accompanied by a curse "on all upstarts in general, and Tom Pincher in particular."

When the assizes were approaching, the Colonel wrote to Captain Beaumont, requesting him, in case the surgeon was not summoned by the crown, to send him forward by the day named in the public papers for their

commencement, and enclosing a cheque to defray his expenses to the county town, where he should be waiting to receive him.

Pincher Martin escorted his uncle, now the Right Honourable Justice Blatherwell, to the bench. On the opening of the commission, the heart of the judge swelled with pride as he glanced at the ermine which hung from his shoulders—saw his son, "the member," stand forward to be sworn as foreman of the grand jury, and his nephew, wand in hand, majestically seated in his box, for the time being the most potent personage of the county; but, nevertheless, the High Sheriff experienced considerable mortification, for few representatives of the old families attended to his summons, and it was with difficulty that the legal number of duly qualified persons could be collected to transact the public business, under the presidency of their new and unpopular representative. Colonel Blake was excused from serving, as he must appear as a witness in the murder case, and thus avoided all contact with the family circle. The first and second day of the assizes were passed, but the surgeon had not yet arrived. On the third the crown counsel applied to have the trial fixed for the following morning; for fear of any surprise, the Colonel went early to court, leaving Mike at the inn, with directions to fetch the doctor into court the instant he made his appearance. At the appointed hour the judge took his seat, and Richard Johnson was arraigned for the murder of James Bradley, while the most important witness was still absent. The prisoner pleaded "not guilty," and then leant carelessly upon the dock, apparently labouring under no apprehension as to the result. The crown prosecutor, who seemed perfectly ignorant of the case, glanced hurriedly over his brief as he proceeded, and concluded a rambling and inconclusive statement, by telling the jury, in hackneyed phrases, "That if any doubt should rest upon their minds, after hearing the evidence he was about to produce, they were bound to give the prisoner the benefit of it." On his cross-examination, Colonel Blake admitted that Bradly died before he could name the crime of which he evidently intended to denounce Johnson as the perpetrator. It might just as well have been the murder of any one else as of himself. No other witness being produced on the part of the prosecution, counsel for defence in a lengthy argument insisted that there was no case to go to the jury against his client. The Judge seemed staggered by the arguments adduced to support his views, and said it was astonishing that more care had not been bestowed on getting up so serious a case. A most important witness, the surgeon of the ship, was not brought forward at all.—(Crown counsel interrupted to say they could not find him.)—And, in fact, gentlemen of the jury, I greatly fear that I must direct an acquittal on the capital charge, (Pincher gave a stealthy but encouraging look towards the dock,) as there appears to be no legal evidence to support it; and, unfortunately, in framing the indictment, events charging the minor offence have been omitted, so that the prisoner cannot be tried for the assault committed on the deceased man, and which, probably may have accelerated his death. It is a lamentable termination"—here he was interrupted by a bustle in the court, and Mike passed through the crowd, closely followed by the doctor. The crown

prosecutor had already left, believing his further attendance unnecessary, but counsel for next of kin immediately sprung to his legs, and informed his lordship that they were now in a position to produce such further evidence as must satisfactorily establish the prisoner's guilt. The judge paused and looked somewhat confounded; Pincher became very pale; while astonishment and alarm were for the first time depicted in the accused man's face, as the surgeon mounted the table, bearing in his hand a small, closely sealed paper parcel. He produced the knife, with which the deed was said to have been perpetrated, and swore that he had himself withdrawn it from the fatal wound; he acknowledged that it had afterwards been taken from the table in the cockpit, on which he had left it, and that he had not again seen it until found upon the person of Johnson, who admitted it to be his. Counsel for the defence objected to the admission of such evidence. The doctor, a cool Scotchman, attempted to continue, but he was pertinaciously interrupted. At length the Judge took the examination in hand—"Witness, you have admitted that the knife which you took from the wound was subsequently removed from your custody, how then can you swear that the one now produced is the same which you found in the murdered man's back?"

"Very easily, my lord, because of that gap in the edge."

"There may have been fifty gapped knives aboard the ship, if you had only sought for them," interposed the prisoner's counsel. "That's no identification."

"It certainly is not," resumed the Judge; "it is possible the man's knife may have been broken in the discharge of his duty; and there may have been many others broken in a similar manner amongst the rest of the crew. It is really a very difficult thing to swear, under such circumstances, to the identity of the knife introduced with that which inflicted the mortal wound."

"But, my lord," broke in the surgeon, who had been rummaging his paper parcel during the time occupied by the Judge's remarks, "I can and will swear to it. I made a post-mortem examination, and where the knife glanced on the rib I found this small triangular morsel of steel, which fits the gap in the blade to a nicety, and he exhibited the piece, which exactly filled the vacancy. Counsel for the defence examined it carefully. Pincher stooped forward to look at it, and, after a hurried observation, again resumed his seat. The prisoner gazed fixedly at him, with an impatient expression of countenance, and sought to attract his attention by short and vehement coughs, but the Sheriff did not venture to confront him; the gaoler attempted to calm Johnson's rising rage, but his interference was rudely rejected. Escape from conviction, in a case so clear, became impossible, and when the jury brought in their verdict of "guilty," the judge, after a short conference with the Sheriff, commenced the remarks usually addressed to a condemned criminal, before pronouncing the awful sentence of the law. As he proceeded in the discharge of his painful duty, the prisoner's demeanour became more and more violent; he repeatedly addressed the High Sheriff—"How is this, Mr. Pincher Martin? what's all this about, sir?—why don't you answer me?" and when the only reply

was an exhortation to keep silence, he roared out, as he struck the dock with violence—"By G—d I won't stand it—I'll have my bargain or I'll know for what." The Judge, who hurried the ceremony to as speedy a conclusion as decency would permit, now assumed the black cap. While his doom was being pronounced, Johnson became outrageous; and when he heard his execution fixed for six o'clock next morning, he attempted to jump from the dock.

"Remove him," said the Judge.

"Ah," shouted the prisoner, as he bent forward, in defiance of the exertions made by the turnkeys to drag him away, "ah, I see how it is—now that you have humbugged me, you mean to gag me; but, by Heavens, you shan't! If I am to die, I'll have my revenge; and before I go I'll leave you, Tom Pincher, without as much land as would sod a lark."

While other officials were proceeding to assist their comrades struggling in the dock, Johnson made a desperate effort, flung the two men who held him to the ground, and while they were recovering themselves, he rushed to his former position; but before he could speak he was overpowered by fresh assailants, and the gaoler adroitly managed to stop his mouth, as they hauled him away. The excitement produced by such a scene amongst those who filled the court may be easily imagined. The gossips set their wits at work to divine what the prisoner could possibly mean—how could an absolute stranger, utterly unknown in the country, threaten Pincher Martin with the loss of his estates; and failing to discover any motive for such personal hostility, or any means by which his threat could be accomplished; and the doctor, moreover, assuring a large assembly of the most inquisitive amongst them, that fright or imminent danger often deprived weak-minded persons of their reason, it was unanimously decided that the man must be mad. Mike and the Colonel, however, took a different view of the case, and the latter being a magistrate, demanded admission to the condemned felon; his application was instantly acceded to by the Sheriff, who, in his reply, regretted that Johnson was in too excited a condition to be seen that night, but he enclosed an order to the gaoler to permit Colonel Blake to visit him in the morning before the hour of execution.

It was midnight, when a muffled figure advanced stealthily through the gaoler's garden towards a small postern door, which gave admission to the prison. The visitor was evidently expected; for the door opened as he approached, and was cautiously closed when he entered. "Easy, sir, easy; take my arm," whispered the gaoler; "we must be cautious until we pass the warder's room." Gaols of those days were neither so splendid or secure as those now inhabited by our malefactors. The court-yard, in which the prisoners took their exercise together, (classification or tread-mills being then unknown,) was surrounded on three sides by a twenty-foot wall, and in the corner of this yard, but separated from it by another wall of considerable height, and totally detached from the main building, stood the condemned cell; it, too, had a small spare space in front for the occupant to walk in, the cell itself being closed by a strong and massive door, the key of which was always carried by the governor. On the inside of this door some

impatient convict had drawn with chalk a clever enough figure of Death, with spurs on his heels, and his handiwork remained untouched, as it was calculated to make a salutary impression on the feelings of the artist's successors. The gaoler opened the outer door, leading to the condemned cell, noiselessly, but when he turned the key in the lock of the cell itself, he was at once challenged in military fashion—"who goes there?" by Johnson. The gaoler and his companion entered, and closed the door after them, before venturing to answer or strike a light. "Who the h—ll are you," cried the prisoner, "come to disturb me at this hour of the night?" While the gaoler took a steel and tinder paper from his pocket in silence, Johnson jumped from his bed of straw—"Haw!" he exclaimed in a hoarse voice, "is't you, Jim, come with the devil to fetch me?—if so be, take me at once, and be damned to you, and don't keep me shivering here."

"Hush," said the gaoler, "it's a friend;" when he succeeded in lighting the candle he fastened it against the wall and retired. Pincher Martin threw open the cloak which concealed him.

"Haw! is't you?" cried Johnson, advancing menacingly towards him, his countenance wore a hideous expression, and the sweat was streaming from his forehead. "I was summat frightened, but I have you now, and you'll not get clear off."

"Hold!" exclaimed the Sheriff, "I've come to save you."

The convict paused. "Haw, if that be so, you're acting fair, but how—that's what I must know; you'll not dodge me again."

"Here," said Pincher, taking a parcel from under his arm—"here's a rope long enough to reach the other side of the wall with a weight at the end, by it you can easily get over, turn into the garden which lies to the left, in the arbour at the end of the walk you'll find a change of clothes, sink your convict dress in the river, and then make straight for Limerick, where you will easily find employment on board ship, or manage to get off to America. I will send your pursuers in a different direction, and although I have no right to do it after how you behaved, here are fifty guineas to bear your expenses."

"Is that all," demanded Johnson.

"Is that all," repeated Pincher, "why, you know I might have hanged you, and stopped your mouth at once, if I wished."

"Not so easy done that," said the other, "when I got on the drop the world should have heard all; you couldn't have helped it," and as he put his back to the door, "what's to prevent me from doing my will upon you now? I might score 'counts with you and escape afterwards; all I require is ready to my hands."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GENIUS.

BY R. A. LITHGOW.

"In parts superior what advantage lies?
 Tell (for you can) what it is to be wise?
 'Tis but to know how little can be known,
 To see all other's faults, and feel our own."

POPE.

GENIUS is a quality so subtle and impalpable, that though we are aware of its presence, and recognise it when it manifests itself, yet we cannot tell exactly in what it consists. Fuseli's definition of genius is this:—He says it is "that power which enlarges the circle of human knowledge, or combines the known with the novelty." That of the poet Crabbe is better, but not perfect, he says:—"I recognise genius wherever there is power to stimulate the thoughts of men, and to command their feelings." Coleridge says:—"to carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood, to combine the child's sense of wonder and novelty, with the appearances which every day, for, perhaps, forty years, had rendered familiar

With sun, and moon, and stars, throughout the year,
 And man and woman;

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguishes *genius* from *talent*."

Diderot defines genius as "l'étendue de l'esprit, la force de l'imagination, et l'activité de l'âme."

Genius may be considered, in general terms, as that power which either creates ideas wholly new, or combines old ideas in new and unexpected forms. In its original acceptation, genius denoted the tutelary deity or demon, which, according to an old and popular hallucination, was bestowed to each individual, as he made his appearance on the stage of existence, to direct and counsel him through life, to rule over his future career and destiny, and finally, to conduct him beyond life; and in proportion to the natural characteristics of their allotted geni, was determined the diversity, in various and dissimilar individuals, of their dispositions and mental capabilities. In process of time, the term came to represent the tendency or disposition itself, irrespective of its anticipated cause, and finally, in recent times, it has been made use of in a limited, but curious respect, to determine either that exalted order of intellectual pre-eminence, which is sometimes ascertained in a small number of persons, or by a metonymy, the individual possessing such valuable eminency. In the same manner, as all that is great and beautiful, it has in it an indeterminate peculiarity, which we cannot define, and by this the numerous opinions as to its signification and characteristics may be accounted for, in all of which there is, and must be, a deficiency. Dr. Johnson's definition is this:—"The true genius is a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined in some particular direction." For the most part it is understood to be the perfection of human intelligence. And

as this implies most superior action of the intellectual faculties, genius, is beyond doubt, purely causative, and its numerous creations are indelibly engraved with the stamp of beauty and originality. In itself it is a rule and type; it creates what has never before been determined, and which all, even the most sceptical, throughout all generations, and each succeeding cycle, are irresistibly forced to admire. Its impetus, therefore, is enthusiastic, for nothing grand or powerful can be produced without that inspired imagination, which is ignited by some prevailing motive or sentiment, to which all else is subject inferiorly; and its chief powers are the reason and imagination, which are solely creative and generative. Genius, however, becomes either scientific or artistic, as one or other of those faculties are ascendant. It grasps directly, in the former case, those mysterious and unseen relations, which are not otherwise manifested, except to the most enduring, and sternest application; and recognising, by immediate perception, as it were, the unchangeable, and everlasting, in general phenomena, it entails truth. Endeavouring, in the latter, to display its own conception in just and suitable forms, it assumes the unlimited under limited symbols, and in this way produces the beautiful. But even the conspicuous genius must properly shape and mature itself, by a studious consideration of the elegant and sublime, which the eminent geniuses of by-gone days may have caused and conceived. It is by attending exclusively to this fact, that those individuals who contradict any primitive dissimilarity among men, have been induced to assert that what is denominated genius, is merely a possession deducible from culture and education; while, on the other hand, a uniformly partial contemplation of those highly eminent powers and faculties, which have often been displayed in minds altogether uncultivated, and under circumstances the most unpropitious, has deluded the ardent partisans of original genius.

The grand and ambitious aspirations and designs of eminent statesmen and warriors are frequently attributed to genius, but they appertain more correctly to the activity of the will, than to that of the mind; to power of character, more than to strength of intellect. In order to be legitimate, the term "universal genius" essentially demands restriction, in one or other of its associations. When applied to a Fontenelle, we must limit the signification of genius to the influence and capabilities of the human intellect, generally; and it is only by limiting the term "universal" to all the inferior branches, either of science or art, that it is even lawful to attribute it to the genius of a Raffaele or a Newton.

Fancy and genius are often confounded; but it exerts itself more to copy and imitate, than to conceive and produce; and, in a general sense, is wanting in ardent imagination and enthusiasm.

There are many who, imagining they are possessed of genius, allow the mind to become wholly undisciplined; and, relying on it to carry them through life, without intellectual development or mental culture, fosters natural indolence and apathy. The young, particularly, seem to think that greatness is to be attained without effort. They imagine that there is some happy combination of faculties, which they denominate genius; and that by it

one may soar to the sublime summit of mental culture, by some other than the slow process of gradual and laborious attainment; or, that, in the lives of some persons, there is such a concurrence of happy chances, as to draw forth the array of mental power, and to develop the "mighty man," while the subject of the grand transformation has only to look on and admire. But individuals do not become great in intellect by chance, and without labour. Cultivation and discipline were never yet achieved without energy. The elementary constituents of mental pre-eminence must not be misunderstood. We must not, for a moment, think that ingenerate, which is the result of stern perseverance, and vigorous and potent thought. We believe, that after all can be said, these are the true elements of genius, properly so called. The facility with which eminent and master minds grasp abstruse subjects, or to throw off brilliant views of them, is, perhaps, calculated to deceive and mislead the inexperienced. They do not deliberate on the energetic and vigorous training by which this power has been acquired. They were not present to witness the diligent toil by which the great were made great; and they are too apt to believe that no such process took place. The mental grandeur of those lords in the intellectual creation are wrought out, particle by particle, in the chamber of thought. And he who expects that genius will help him to become great in mind by any other sort of process, will find himself utterly disappointed.

Many individuals train themselves into habits of eccentricity and oddity, and suppose these inseparable from genius. There are some who imagine nothing so peculiar to genius as to do common things in an uncommon way—like Hudibras, "*to tell the clock by algebra*;" or, like the lady in Dr. Young's "*Satires*," "*to drink tea by stratagem*." Dean Swift, in his celebrated "*Travels*," found whole nations of these geniuses, and tells us that he observed a tailor, with a customer before him, whose measure for his coat he was taking with a quadrant! There are very few can set up any pretensions, or lay claim to the character of a *genius*; and a modern writer says, "of these few, though envied greatly, and imitated as greatly, but very few, indeed, leave the world better or wiser than they found it." The object of hard study is not to draw out geniuses, but to take such minds as are formed in a common mould, and fit them for active and decisive usefulness. There is nothing so much desired by a young man as the reputation of being a genius; and many seem to feel that the want of patience for laborious application and deep research, is such a mark of genius as cannot be mistaken; while a great genius, like Sir Isaac Newton, modestly says, "that the great and only difference between his mind and the mind of others, consisted solely in his having more patience." A person may have a good mind, a sound judgment, or a vivid imagination, or a wide reach of thought and views, but withal he may not be a genius; and may never become distinguished without severe application. Hence, all that such ever have must be the result of labour—hard, untiring labour. They may have friends to cheer them on, books and teachers to aid them, and multitudes of helps; but, after all, disciplining and educating their own minds must be their own work.

No one can do this but themselves, and nothing in the world is of any worth which has not labour and toil as its price. The zephyrs of summer can but seldom breathe around them. The following passage from Wirt illustrates our meaning. He says, "I foresee distinctly that you will have to double Cape Horn in the winter season, and to grapple with the gigantic spirit of the storm which guards the Cape; and I foresee as distinctly, that it will depend *entirely on your own skill and energy*, whether you survive the fearful encounter, and live to make a port in the mild latitudes of the Pacific.

It is a usual custom to express admiration when any one is praised for the strength of his understanding or his extraordinary GENIUS, and to join very readily in the commendations of any favourite or popular writer. But, alas! whilst they praise and are delighted with the production of his pen, they think little about the author; and so long as they are entertained with the effusions of his wit and invention, people in general are perfectly indifferent whether he is starving in a garret, or languishing on a bed of straw, in the gloomy confines of a dungeon. We know no being upon earth more to be pitied than a man of sense, genius, and education, reduced to the hard necessity of living merely by his wits. His humour and pleasantry may often obtain him admittance to the tables of the great; but when there he must keep up the mirth of the company, tell a good story, introduce a brilliant anecdote, say a thousand smart things, join in the laugh, when, perhaps, his heart is rent with anguish, and the elegant repast his humourous talents have procured him is rendered tasteless by the reflection, that an amiable wife, or a family of helpless children have been starving at home, without his genius being able to procure them a single comfort or necessary accommodation. To write for bread must be the hardest, the most precarious, and laborious way of earning a livelihood. Those who are gifted with genius ought not to depend on it solely for support; if they have wit, they ought not to rely on it for subsistence; but should reserve them for the amusement of leisure hours. Making their progress in the world, they must fix upon something more substantial and secure. Wit is a dangerous weapon in unskilful hands—it creates many enemies. If they say a good thing at the expense of a friend, they may depend on his becoming a foe. True wit may shew its brilliancy without having any personal object in view, or sending any to their pillow with hearts aching at our satirical talents. Folly and vice will afford sufficient subjects for wit to play upon, without having recourse to real characters or personal imperfections. Genius ought to be employed for the benefit of others, but not as the sole or *dernier resort* for subsistence through life. Nothing is so vague and uncertain as *fame*. Its loudest trumpet is not to be relied on for an hour; and it is most probable, the laurels which should have bound the temples of its possessors will be left to wither over their graves; or why were the bright gennises of different nations permitted to die in poverty and obscurity, to the everlasting reproach of those who pretended to lament, after death, the very beings whom they neglected in life, and suffered to perish in misery and want? Genius ought not to be discouraged, nor too

much expected from it. If individuals rely on a precarious uncertainty, they may repent in vain, the loss of a thousand real enjoyments, which industry and labour might have procured them among the unnoticed multitude.

"What's fame? that fancy'd life in others breath!
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death."

We could here enumerate many (alas! too many,) instances of the brightest geniuses, whom the perfidy and selfishness of the world and the baseness of friends permitted to live in penury and die in misery; let it, however, suffice if we mention a few. The poets of the West were as remarkable for their indigence as for their genius. Homer is the first poet and beggar of note among the ancients. He was blind, and sung his own ballads about the streets.

Terence was a slave, and Boethius died in gaol. Tasso himself, who had the most amiable character of all the poets, has often been obliged to borrow a crown of a friend, in order to pay for a month's subsistence! Bentivoglio chiefly demands our pity. His comedies will last with the Italian language. He dissipated a noble fortune in acts of charity and benevolence, but, falling into misery in his old age, was refused admittance into an hospital himself had erected! Cassander, one of the greatest geniuses, could not, with all his merit, procure himself a bare subsistence. By degrees, he was driven to hate all mankind; and, at last, to impute his calamities to Providence. He died in extreme want and misery, stretched out on some straw in an old shed.

In England, the sufferings of the poets have been still greater than in any other country. Milton, Spencer, Otway, Butler, Dryden, and several others, are, and will ever be, mentioned as a national reproach. Some of them lived in a state of precarious indigence, and others literally died of hunger. And lastly, poor Chatterton, despairing of meeting either friendship, encouragement, or support, put an end to his own existence. Thus do we see the baneful effects of natural genius, when not properly developed and restrained. But, indeed, genius, properly so called, is acquired by cultivation of the mental faculties, or at least, as Dr. Brown says, "since all the advantages of scientific and elegant education must, philosophically, be considered only as accidental circumstances, we have, in the splendid powers which these advantages of mere culture seem to evolve, as contrasted with the powers that lie dormant in the mass of mankind, a striking proof how necessary the influence of circumstances is for the development of these magnificent suggestions, which give to genius its glory and its very name." The mere determination of the mind, in early youth, to a particular profession or speculative science, though it may have arisen from accidental circumstances, or parental persuasion only, and not in the slightest degree from any preference or impulse of genius at the time, is thus sufficient, by the elements which it cannot fail to mingle in all our complex conceptions and desires, to impress for ever after the intellectual character, and to bend it, perhaps, from that opposite direction into which it would naturally have turned.

One poet, in his images and imaginary conceptions, may, in the treatment of his subject, merely re-echo the idealities of others, and find himself another added to the eternal list of imitators; but another poet, of a higher order, creates new groups of images, which had never been so combined before; and, instead of an imitator, he becomes a model for the imitation of others. In his trains of thought, the prevailing suggestions of the one are according to the relation of *analogy*; while the prevailing suggestions of the other are those of *continuity* of the images themselves. To subdue original genius, therefore, to mere imitation, and to exalt the mimic to some position of genius, it would be requisite only to reverse those simple inclinations. The inventions of poetic genius are the suggestions of analogy; the prevailing suggestions of ordinary minds are those of mere continuity; and the distinctive suggestions of original genius are formed by the difference of the occasions of suggestions, not of the images suggested. In the sciences and severer arts, it is the same with inventive genius. The individual who possesses the knowledge of others is often termed a genius; but, as an eminent writer beautifully remarks, "He alone has philosophic genius, to whose speculations analogous effects suggest analogous causes, and who contrives, practically, by the suggestions of analogy, to produce new effects, or to produce the same effects by new and simpler means."

In the general principles of mankind, the restless passions of the individual renovator—*man*—find an adequate check. The same Almighty First Cause, who has equalized the causes of activity and quiescence in the external world, has mingled them, with similar forethought, in the mental; and in each, respectively, even the *prima facie* irregularities, which evidently entail the destruction of that grand system to which they belong, are discovered to possess the cause that leads them again, from anarchial obscurity, into the grandest scenes of harmonious regularity.

ANGELA.

A LEGEND.

MANY years ago, in an old Italian town, there lived an artist named Leonardo, and his daughter, a fair young girl of about fifteen years. Angela was her name, and it seemed to suit her well—for her sweet face in its pale purity and the bright waves of her golden hair were just what we might picture to ourselves as belonging to the angels.

Still more, however, in the innocence of her heart, than in the beauty of her countenance did Angela resemble God's guardian spirits, after whom she was named. The blessings of the poor followed her, for it was her delight to minister to their wants—and many a wretched death-bed was cheered by her presence and the words of hope and consolation which fell from her lips.

Leonardo, her father, was a proud, stern man, whose whole soul was given up to ambition and the love of fame. Although he delighted in painting pictures of our Lady and the saints, it was merely that they should be admired by men, and add to his earthly renown. The sweet countenance of the Infant Jesus, when it smiled upon him from the canvass, awakened no thrill of love in the heart of the proud artist—he only felt a glow of pride that his was the hand that had painted so exquisite a picture.

Next to his own genius, Leonardo gloried in that of Albrecht his pupil, whom he regarded as his successor, and the person to whom he should entrust the completion of any works which might remain unfinished at his death. Albrecht was a German, a handsome youth, with a broad fair brow, that bore the impress of genius, and an eye kindling with inspiration. He was an orphan, and his home was with Leonardo. Angela and he had now lived beneath the same roof for years; she was quite a little child when first he knew her, yet, even then she had made for herself a place in his heart. Every day she had grown dearer to him, until now, in the dawn of her womanhood, her presence seemed the very sunshine of his existence.

The young girl loved him also with true affection, but as yet it was only with the calm love of a sister, and it was with a clear unconscious glance that she looked into the eyes which, when they turned upon her were unfathomable in their depths of tenderness.

Leonardo mixed but little in society, his cold, proud bearing seemed to chill all those who approached him, and if men accorded him their praise, he cared but little for themselves. He lived in a strange, old-fashioned villa, which stood alone and remote from other dwellings; and here, almost shut out from the world, with no companions save her father and Albrecht. Angela had lived a peaceful, happy life, with, however, one sorrow weighing heavily upon her heart. Grave and pious beyond her years, it was with a pain akin to anguish that the girl observed how the thirst for fame was corrupting her father's heart; and fervently did she pray that he might find the emptiness of human applause, and learn to work for a higher and holier motive. Every evening, at the Benediction hour, when she knelt before our Lady's altar in the church, which was close by her home, she implored, with never-tiring faith, the grace of conversion for her father.

Time went past, however, and her prayers were not answered; it seemed as though they never would be, for the shadow which had fallen upon Leonardo's soul grew darker and darker, till it seemed to stand between him and every glimpse of what was good and holy—religion was neglected and every thought of his soul's welfare forgotten. Angela wept and was patient, and prayed on; evening after evening, when the twilight crept into the quiet church, and the air was full of fragrant incense and sweet music, the same earnest prayer rose up to heaven before our Lady's altar, "Oh! mother, change his heart."

The church where Angela prayed was a very beautiful one, rich in all the picturesque beauty of arch, and pillar, and stained glass, through which the sun shone in with a soft and mellowed beam. The altar was of the purest white marble, upon its broad slab knelt sculptured angels, supporting a

canopy of wrought gold, beneath which reposed the Holy of Holies. Above the altar was a large vacant space, which seemed intended for a picture, and which was, in fact, shortly to be filled by a painting of the Immaculate Conception. Leonardo had been chosen as the artist, and requested to exert his utmost skill to make the picture worthy of so prominent a place in so splendid a temple. The proud soul of the artist swelled within him, and he determined to paint so magnificent a picture, that the whole world should be amazed at its beauty, and declare him to be the first of living artists.

Foolish Leonardo! was this the spirit in which to approach the delineation of her who, for her humility, was exalted?

One bright summer evening, Angela, her father, and Albrecht, sat together in the studio painting; Angela soon laid down her brushes, and sat with her forehead resting upon her hand, watching her father. Albrecht, too, had ceased to work, and his eyes were fixed on Angela, and far away in the future a vision rose before him of a home upon the borders of his own blue Rhine—a home that seemed a very heaven upon earth, sanctified by the presence of Angela, his wife. Leonardo alone seemed absorbed in his painting. He was working at his great picture, which was now pretty far advanced, in fact, it was almost completed, with the exception of the Virgin's face, which was merely sketched in, and seemed as though it had been frequently erased. It represented the woman clothed with the sun, the moon beneath her feet, and "upon her head a crown of twelve stars."

Leonardo worked on in silence for a long time, he touched and retouched the azure drapery, the golden-tinted clouds, the silvery crescent of the moon. Then he drew a long breath and murmured to himself, "This picture shall earn for me a fame that will endure as long as time shall last; my name shall go down to posterity encircled by a halo," he started as Angela made some slight movement, (for he had quite forgotten her presence and that of Albrecht,) "Leave me, my children," he said hurriedly, "I wish to be alone; I am going to paint the face of my picture. Is it not your hour, Angela, for going to the church?"

Albrecht left the studio immediately, and Angela, too, rose and was about to follow him, when a sudden impulse made her turn back. "My own dear father," she said, "will you not kneel and pray, before you attempt to paint this heavenly face? make an offering of your picture to our Lord, and ask him for inspiration to paint the face of His mother."

Leonardo frowned; he was in no humour to be interrupted, and he impatiently waved his daughter away.

Albrecht was waiting in the garden for Angela; this was to him the happiest hour of the day, when, his studies over, he was at liberty to walk with her to the church, and kneel by her side during the Benediction. She came walking along with a slow and listless step, and Albrecht started when he saw her face, pale and streaming with tears—that face upon which he had never before seen a cloud. His heart ached to witness her distress, of which he knew too well the cause, and he tried to comfort her as they walked along; but she only shook her head in mournful silence.

"Alas, no," she said at last, "he will not change; he has no thought but for his art—no hope, no desire but for earthly fame."

"Still you must not despair, dear Angela," replied her companion; "God, in his own time, will change your father's heart; trust all to His Providence."

"Ah, if I could but think so," said the weeping girl. "What would I not give for this blessed hope!"

"Fear not, Angela," said Albrecht, "God will accept the prayers of the child for her father."

"Prayers!" she exclaimed. "Alas, what are my poor prayers? I would give everything, even life itself, for my dear father's good."

She paused; a sudden thought appeared to strike her; a light as if from above seemed to brighten her countenance. She stood for a moment as if inspired.

"Yes, Albrecht," she said, at last, "I shall ask our Lord to take my life, as the price of my father's soul; it is the most precious thing I have to offer, and I think it would be accepted."

Your life, Angela!" he cried in horror, "your life! Ah, dear Angela, you dare not fling away your life, even for such an end."

"I should not fling it away, dear Albrecht," she said, half smiling, "I should merely offer it at the altar foot, in exchange for that which is infinitely more precious; it is a poor sacrifice for so great a boon."

"But, Angela," he answered, and his voice trembled and grew husky with emotion, "my love, my darling, your life is my life; how could I live if you were gone?"

The girl looked up wondering in his face. He paused a moment, and then, unable to restrain himself, he poured out, with passionate earnestness, the story of his love.

She seemed puzzled and almost frightened by his vehemence; the words he had spoken met with no responsive echo in her heart; childlike, as she was, she knew nothing of a deep and burning love like this.

"Dear Albrecht," she said, at last, "you are very good to love me so much, and feel so grieved that I should die; but we shall meet, I hope, in heaven—you and I, and my father. Albrecht, dear brother, do not look so sad; I am not going to die this moment." They had reached the church by this time; the bells were already ringing, and Angela, as she entered, offered him the holy water, with a bright smile. He never forgot that smile; long years after, when he was an old man and his hair was gray, its memory lingered like a sunbeam in his heart.

He turned away—he was too strongly agitated to go and kneel down among the quiet crowd within the church. Walking quickly through the streets till he found himself outside the town, he hurried to the sea-shore, where he sought out a lonely nook among the rocks. It was an old favourite haunt; he had often come here to listen to the waves of the Mediterranean, as they broke at his feet, and build up pleasant day-dreams of love and future fame; now, a mysterious voice was calling at his heart, that all these visions were gone for ever, that a darkness had fallen on his

life, even as the clouds of night were creeping over the Sicilian hills, swallowing up the golden sunset in their blackness.

The Benediction was soon over—but Angela still remained praying in the silent church; the daylight faded away, and long after the twilight had deepened into night, the glimmer of the sanctuary lamp shone down upon her white dress, as she remained prostrate before the altar, offering up the sacrifice of her young life.

Meanwhile, how fares it with Leonardo? has he painted the face which is to immortalize him?—a face worthy to represent her whose seed shall crush the serpent's head? Let us look into his studio and see.

Nay! surely this looks not like it; his brows are knit, his hands clenched, his cheek burns with a dark red flush, and he paces the room with rapid strides. Once more he seizes the pencil and begins to draw—his hand shakes—he tries to steady it—his eye blazes, and again he tries—it is of no use—away! he smashes the crayon against the tiled floor, and flings himself in despair upon the cushions of his sofa. "My God!" he groans, "I am ruined, baffled, lost. Oh! cursed be the weak fingers that will not second the busy, bursting brain! I am ruined, ruined—I cannot paint the face that haunts me!"

The Italian summer night went quickly over. Angela, when she rose from her knees, could see the first streaks of dawn stealing along the sky. By the time she reached her father's house it was almost daylight. As she crept softly up stairs, so as not to awaken any one, a sound, which seemed to come from the studio, made her start and pause. Another! she pushed open the door, which stood ajar, and there, stretched upon the sofa, lay her father, his hands clasped above his head, and his cheek burning with a feverish glow, moaning and murmuring to himself, "Lost, ruined—I cannot do it!"

Angela raised his head and laid it gently down upon a cool, soft pillow; she bathed his burning temples with fresh iced water, and gradually the moaning ceased, and he seemed to fall into a gentle and refreshing sleep. She guessed what was the matter; the blotted face of the picture and the broken pencil told their own tale. Angela was tired with her long watching in the church; she brought a low seat and placed it beside her father's couch, so that she could rest her head against his pillows, and hold his hand in hers. Sweet fancies floated through her brain as she sat and watched the early sunshine flooding its glory through the eastern sky. Down through the rosy morning clouds, there seemed to beam upon her the vision of a face, so perfectly lovely, so beaming with heavenly sweetness, that she drooped her dazzled eyes beneath the radiance of its beauty. "Stella Matutina," she whispered, "ora pro nobis."

"Angela, Angela!" said a sweet voice at her side—she trembled—"fear not," said the voice, "but look upon me." She looked and saw a tall figure, with drooping wings and a flowing robe, white and dazzling, like the snowy clouds which sometimes hover along the edge of the blue mid-day sky.

"I am thy guardian spirit, Angela," he said, in soft, ringing tones;

"from the hour when God first gave thee to my care, a little, feeble motherless infant, each day I have guided thy footsteps, every night thou hast slept beneath the shadow of my folded wings, therefore, fear not but answer me. Couldst thou, my child, picture to thyself the face of her who was conceived without sin, whose beauty clothed with the sun, thy proud father, in the conceit of his heart, thought to give to the world upon yonder canvass?"

"Oh!" yes, whispered Angela, "I have seen in my dreams a face so gloriously lovely, that it could only belong to the mother of my God; would I had the skill to paint it!"

"Take up the pencil," said the angel, pointing to her father's broken crayon, "and try; I myself will guide thy hand. It is only the pure of heart, such as thee, my child, who are worthy to paint the beauty of the Queen of Heaven; he," pointing to her father, "cannot picture it even to his own soul, for Lucifer, the spirit of pride himself, is ever by his side, and his dusky shadow hides from thy father's sight the vision that thy pure eyes saw painted in the morning sky."

Angela did as the angel told her; she lifted the crayon, and, taking her place before the picture, she began to trace with timid hand the outline of that wondrous face which was engraven upon her heart.

Then the angel approached her father, and laid his hand gently upon his eyelids.

Leonardo gradually awoke from a calm, refreshing sleep; the pain was gone from his temples, and his hot head was cool as ever again. It seemed to him that the room was full of bright light, and the air was like the breath of flowers.

His first glance was towards his picture; Angela stood before it painting, the angel by her side, his hand guiding hers, and the shining light of his countenance illumining her figure, and playing like a halo round her golden head. Leonardo gazed in wonderment, a veil seemed torn from his eyes; he looked into his own heart and saw its blackness, and he knew why it was his pure Angela was chosen in his place. He bent his head, and wept long and bitterly; but he owned the justice of the sentence, and prayed to be forgiven. Again the angel approached and touched his eyelids, and Leonardo fell back upon his pillows once more asleep.

When he again awoke, it was evening. Angela was on her low seat beside the couch, her face laid close to his, and his hand pressed between her own. She lay so still, and looked so pale, that Leonardo was frightened. "Angela, my daughter, awake," he said. "Oh! I have dreamed," she answered, "so sweet a dream, dear father; I thought I was painting the face of your great picture, and that my guardian angel guided my hand. The face I painted was so lovely, that its beauty sank deep into my heart, and when I had finished, it seemed to smile upon me, and beckon me away. Oh! let me sleep again that I may see it once more." She fell back fainting, and Leonardo bent over her in an agony of fear.

Gently he lifted up his darling, and bore her to her own little room, where he laid her on the white curtained bed, calling her by every endear-

ing name, and tenderly chafing her hands and feet, which were fast becoming cold. It was of no use—never again would the blue eyes open upon the light of this lower world. Angela's sacrifice had been accepted—the angel had surrendered his charge at the foot of the throne. She was dead.

Leonardo called wildly upon Albrecht, who came silently to the bedside, his heart too truly warning him what he was to see there. All through the night, in his lonely watch among the rocks, that lifeless form, with its closed eyelids, and drooping limbs, had been before him. In an agony, too deep for tears, he drew the golden head upon his breast, and pressed upon the breathless lips, his first and only kiss.

The picture was placed in the church upon the day of her funeral, and while they chanted the requiem for her soul, Leonardo made a solemn vow, that he would for ever give up all thoughts of that earthly fame, for the love of which he had well nigh lost his immortal soul.

Albrecht lived to earn a world-wide renown as a painter—but no woman ever called him husband. Angela had been to him the type of all that was good and beautiful, and he never sought another. She lives again in the pictures he has left behind him. He excelled in painting lovely faces, young, saintly heads, encircled by golden light, all of which bear more or less likeness to his lost Angela; in one especially—St. Agnes he has re-produced that last, loving smile he ever saw upon her lips. The deep solemn eyes, as they grew beneath his brush, always seemed to him to wear a warning look, and bid him beware of Leonardo's sin; and so well did he heed their warning, that his very name is unknown to posterity. Leonardo, too, has been forgotten; he kept that vow he made beside his daughter's bier. Many a beautiful picture found its way into the churches and cathedrals of his native land, the painter of which was unknown. People used to ask the artist's name—but no one could tell it. They never suspected that they were painted by the old, gray-haired monk, whom they so often saw, kneeling by a grass-grown grave, that was marked only by a pale marble cross, upon which was engraved the name of "Angela."

ETHNA.

GREEK WANDERERS.

BY T. IRWIN.

In day's red droop we rested by the shore,
On banks of amber sand, by vine leaves shadowed o'er,
And watched the glory dropping far away,
Past the dark violet islands of the bay;
Where sea-birds hovered round each wavy reach,
And leafy airs from woodlands nigh the beach,
Came gusting faintest odours o'er the spray.

No voice or sound ruffled the slumbrous wind,
That in a warm muse wandered past us, save
When the slow-mounting billow swamped the cave,
At intervals; or 'mid the vines behind
Our covert, slowly sifted down the sand,
On drifts of dead leaves through the runnels dry :
Rich silence held the western bending sky,
And toward the round moon spaced the lonely land.

Calm filled the world ; from regions over head
Fell spots of crimson on the tranquil sea ;
While in the west, a banquet board seemed spread,
With imaged fruits and goblets red with wine,
As though the gods within its cloudy space,
Held revel, far removed from human race ;
And as we watched the festal realm divine—
“ A Revel ! ” burst from all in choral cry :
Then young Ianthe rose in silent mood,
And pulled the fruit that hung in tangles by,
Till her white fingers dripped with grapey blood,
And in the hollow rock that lay anigh,
Pressed the rich autumn draught—the Gods beyond the sea,
Owned not that eve a handmaid fair as she.
And little Iola strayed far away,
Along the dim sands by the skirt of spray,
In curious search among the bacchic shells,
And when our rocky bowl was well nigh full,
Came bearing one rose-hued and beautiful,
Filled with cool water from the woodland wells ;—
Humming the while a silver-lipped sweet tune,
To her thin sidelong shadow in the moon,
As serious in her gait and look, as though
No revel this, but some dim ritual of woe.

Then drank we as the weary drink, and sang
An old Greek song melodious and sublime,
Wild Arabs we, wandering in summer time,
Careless of all save love : and round us rang
The hollow shore, and scarce the waves were heard.
But when the autumn planet thrilled the lone
Pale sunless west with disk of sapphire fire,
Young Anax, toning slow his wind worn lyre,
Sang to the orb, in music like the bird,
That oft by leafy promontories heard,
Heralds the halcyon days with its melodious moan,
Coming in summer winds, from southern islands blown.

“ Oh, happy life, by silent sea and shore,
Far, far, removed from warlike toil or care,

From cities, and the shocks of human things.
 Oh, happy life, whose fresh exultant wings,
 Find joyous waftage through the lonely air
 Of seas and desert isles, and regions where
 No spirit, save the golden sun, has given
 His impress to the clime! Still shall sweet love
 Round us a world wherever we may rove,
 And dawn-bright vapours, tent us as we move,
 In pilgrimage toward happiness or heaven.
 Long have we wandered over ancient lands,
 From Scythia's snow to Egypt's yellow stream,
 And viewed the figures flit, as in a dream,
 Through leafy streets, where dusk Damascus stands,
 Mid founts and orchards in a clime of balm:—
 Have passed the realm of sea-rich Tyrus, where
 At dawning thronged the dusky peoples to the gay spice fair,
 Whose scent came gusting desertward beyond the farthest
 palm;
 And southward, by old Nylus pilgrimed on,
 In solemn voyage sail, covered from the sun,
 Through mighty cities shadowed with the glooms
 Of temples vast, and pyramided tombs,
 And great Memnonian countenances calm;
 Yea, from the skyey Babylonian height,
 Star-eager, looked upon old fields of fight,
 Where, through the saffron-flooding morning light,
 The shawled Assyrian, charioted and bright,
 Rolled battleward beneath his nodding plumes;
 Where myriads, brazen armoured, brazen greaved,
 Encountered, like a noon sea, tempest waved.
 While round the mighty frontier, blood, like rain,
 Fell heavily; and through the doleful hours,
 The shield-hung cities, battlements, and towers,
 Shook from the charging horsemen on the plain.
 But here the roaring world has passed away,
 And spirits only in the air and seas,
 List to our lonely live's sweet strained monotonies,
 Our love-breathed sleep at night—our wanderings by day!
 Here rest is ours, the while the happy moons
 Grow and decay, and listless, sunny noons,
 And revel-purpled evens. Hail bright star,
 Genius of peace beyond the realms of war,
 Hail guardian watcher, shining haired guest,
 Of this our ocean solitude: we pray
 To thee, and make libation to be blest,
 Throughout this little life—oh, guide our way,
 'Till Hades clasp us in a deeper rest!"

Thus sang we in the sea-wind sad and bright;
But when the purple domed balmy night
Rolled midway, (as we counted by the light
Of blue Canopus rising, and the hour,
When oceanward the heavy rounded sun
Sank in his gold,) and nought was seen the while,
Save the strange flame of one volcanic isle,
That smouldered low in crimson fire upon
The verge of sea, like embers of the day;
Then as the low stars looked from spaces blind,
We left the shelterless great sea behind,
And toward the yellow woodlands wound our way,
Amid the stillness—broken only when
The night-bird panted to the starry flame,
Or when from copses by the river came,
The plaint of the melodious willow wren:
Then, draining slow our last sweet shell of wine,
To the rich spirit of night around, we slid
Through thickest asphodel, and slept amid
Sprinklings of starlight and brown glooms divine.

ENJOYING MYSELF.

WHAT a miserable thing it is when a man will not be allowed to enjoy himself as he fancies. There are a number of good-natured people in the world, who are more truly ill-natured than the most malicious. I mean people who insist that every one is to be happy, and enjoying himself in their way, and no other way. They seem to forget the fact that every one has an idiosyncrasy of his own, with respect to his manner and power of enjoyment. Some persons love bustle and excitement; others enjoy intensely the absence of excitement, and luxuriate in leading a calm, monotonous existence. Not that by any means this latter disposition supposes indolence. Often such people are possessed of an astonishing amount of industry, and get through a much greater quantity of work, and in a much shorter time, than their apparently more energetic neighbours.

Some find their highest enjoyment in work. Their great ambition is to be left in quiet over their labour; and, unenviable as their life of toil may appear to many, there can be no doubt that they do enjoy it, and feel greatly disturbed if it be interrupted. There is certainly a great advantage in enjoying work—particularly in enjoying what one is compelled to labour at for the sake of daily bread. We have all heard and read of such—incredible as it may seem to the pleasure-loving world—and know of men who, when idle and away from their daily occupation, even in search of necessary relaxation, think the moment will never come when they can

return to their dusty desks and badly-ventilated offices. At the same time, it is often very necessary that there should be a friend—a wife, sister, or daughter of the ill-natured class I have alluded to at the commencement of this paper—who will insist on another style of enjoyment, now and then. Decidedly, no matter how “Jack” may enjoy “all work and no play,” this state of things, long-continued, will make him a “dull boy,” and worse, a very unhealthy one, and even help considerably to shorten his days.

How thoroughly enjoyable life in the country seems. . Spring, with its delicate flowers and budding trees—summer, with its luxuriant beauty and bright sunshine—autumn, with its rich harvest and exquisitely tinted foliage and skies—even winter, with its pure snow, so different from the dirty compound that falls in our streets on a miserable December or January day—who would not prefer all this to the smoke and dinginess of a crowded city? Yet there have been men who have actually preferred town to the country? Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb loved the bricks of London more than all the flowers and trees in the country. And very natural it is, after all, that several should love town more than the country. That “familiarity breeds contempt” may be true to some extent; but I cannot help thinking that often familiarity makes us love persons and things very dearly. Do not we all grow to love most those with whom we are most intimate; and do not even inanimate objects become dear to us from long association. What student does not grow to look on his books as dear friends, because they have been his familiar companions for many long days and nights. How often do we see a traveller look with affection on some article of dress or convenience, because it has journeyed many a weary mile with him. In these cases, and similar ones, familiarity certainly does not breed contempt. Hence, some natures must grow to love that which has surrounded them from their cradle, more than they can ever love objects even more intrinsically lovely, with which they have become acquainted later on. As we are always happiest with what we love most, it follows that many must be more happy living among smoky bricks, than among trees and sweet smelling flowers. But let not the ardent lovers of nature despise those who are apparently insensible of her charms. It is a cruel thing that man should be compelled to enjoy the country when the cow’s breath makes him sick, and he cannot remember the difference between barley and wheat.

Some people enjoy their grievances intensely. The ordinary pleasures of life afford them no enjoyment; but they are all right if they have only some trouble or vexation to grumble about. Even if they have no one present to listen to their complaints, they have the satisfaction of brooding over their miseries, of which they have always a plentiful stock. Though they may be rich and powerful, still, Aman-like, they have some Mardochai at their gate who will not pay them the homage they exact. In their secret hearts they are rather glad he will not. If he did, how could they have the pleasure of grumbling and brooding over the indignity they have received?

It has often amused me to think over the different ways in which people

enjoy themselves. For some, a novel and an easy chair constitute the greatest pleasure in life; some think that very stupid enjoyment, and care only for some bracing out-of-door exercise—hunting, riding, long walks over hill and dale, and such like. Some find the most exquisite pleasure in music; others simply consider it so much noise. How many find pleasure in pursuit of a particular study, such as geology, botany, mathematics, etc., and think every other pursuit or pleasure in life useless and wearisome. A large class of persons now-a-days find pleasure in reading—in general literature, which, of course, is the necessary consequence of the immense quantity of writing put forward now, whence every one can, at a very cheap rate, get plenty of books to suit his particular taste. At no period of the world's history have there been so many book devourers as now; and, of course, a great source of enjoyment—let us hope, harmless enjoyment—has been thus established. And how grateful ought not we, who derive profit from this source, feel towards those hard-working providers of our literary food, who have given us so many happy hours, and have even so often made us forget, for a time, at least, many an anxious care, and many a heavy burthen.

It would add very much to our happiness, if we would all cultivate our powers of enjoyment. We need not, in so doing, become selfish epicureans, as we may include a great amount of the happiness of others in our own enjoyment. We shall not fight the battle of life less faithfully, less bravely, because we fight it with cheerful hearts.

J. E.

KING NECHO'S EXPEDITION.*

It is an Egyptian sunset. The glory streams along the spacious Nile, as on a path of flowing gold. Against the semicircle of flame to the west, the vast structures of Memphis—mighty temple, and huge gateway-tower, rise in colossal majesty. Each pillared passage—each sphynx-lined avenue, opening toward the desert, glares bright and hot in the fronting sun, each colonade and sculptured wall, each fountain and obelisk, is bathed and edged with intense fire. To the north-west the pyramids are lengthening their gigantic shadows, enveloping the river branch which flows beneath the ridge of granite, on which they stand on the shore of the sandy ocean, and covering in majestic gloom, the necropolis of Memphis, the dark Valley of Sepulchres, which occupies the interspace between them and the city. Far off rises some isolated village, grouped around its temple, and cinctured with groves of palm; still more remote, looms some leafy island uncertain to the eye, amid the dizzy sheen of the sands. On either side, the

* Allusions to Pharaoh-Necho, King of Egypt, to his Assyrian conquests, to the canal originated by Sesostris between the Nile and Red Sea, which he undertook to complete—and to the expedition he despatched to circumnavigate Africa—may be found in Herodotus, *Enterp.*, 159, and in the *Books of Kings and Chronicles*. Necho reigned 16 years, and died 594 years B.C.

green river banks are interspersed with gardens, vineyards, villages, fragrant clusters of acacia, and aged groups of sycamore, where camels, feeding on heaps of dates, couch in quaint repose ; while others in long trains are seen treading their weary way, laden with merchandize from Thebes or Syene. As the sun sinks, the wide desert turns red as blood, the keen edged mountains to the east, grow dappled with rose light, which tinges each object of the landscape—tree and temple wall, turret, and high-pooped barge, sliding down the current—with a vespernal halo. Then the mighty orb slowly descends, and as it throws up a pillar of perpendicular flame, lo, ere it disappears, it strikes into relief, a colossal figure on the desert skirt, which for a moment, dominates far off, mighty and minatory, like a giant guarding the frontier of some fiery land. The desert night advances in the majesty of darkness ; innumerable stars glitter pendulous in the intense azure of the firmament ; while rising over Arabia and the sea, the yellow crescent of the moon, like a barque of light, commences its solitary voyage from east to south, over the unknown regions of the silent Afric world.

The narrow streets are crowded by a dense population, among whom the different Egyptian castes are easily recognisable. There, toward the temple of Thoth, move a solemn train of the priests of Ptah, attired in long linen robes, wreaths of lotus and acacia, and sandals of papyrus, carrying numerous golden symbols—the sacred ibys, the serpent, and image of the sun—attended by lyrists and flute-players. Yonder, toward the citadel, march a company of soldiers, with javelins and axes ; some on foot, some in those iron war-chariots, for whose manufacture Thebes was famous—small two-horsed vehicles, open at the back, with large bow cases slanting over their right wheel. Those multitudes of men now entering the eastern gate of the town are captive slaves returning from brick-making. Along the river banks crowds of artificers and husbandmen have collected, to witness the customary evening sports. There, one group are looking at a hippopotamus hunt, another on a couple of fish divers, while a third are enjoying the performance of a Coptish acrobat, who is tumbling, in the middle of the stream, on the back of a crocodile. On the flat roofs of the houses—whose structure is that of an enclosed court, with an atrium open to the sky, around which the rooms abut in parallel lines, numbers of citizens, men and women, resting from their work, are enjoying their evening feast—cakes of bread and milk, dates, wine, and beer—aired by the wings of huge circular fans, some of which are moved by machinery and some turned by slaves. There, too, women, dressed in long white robes, reaching form neck to feet, and with short shoulder-cloaks of cotton and linen, are seen occupied peacefully at the loom, or engaged in embroidery, assisted by their black slaves. All wear bracelets and ear-rings, engraved with charms and prayers, and the richer have the fingers of both hands thickly covered with rings. On some of the house-tops their inmates are observing groups of dancing girls, who, garbed in short tunics, some with lyres, some sistrums in their hands, perform varied movements, emblematical of the course of the planets, and the several occupations of the seasons ; on others, the men, reclining sidelong on couches, their heads resting

on the half-cylindrical-shaped stools, whose use is universal throughout the east, while the hour with chess. Along the Nile hundreds of pleasure-boats and barges with triangular sails of painted and embroidered cloth, move hither and thither, while from the villages of the opposite shore numerous long trains of camels, laden with corn, linen, chariots, and other articles for which Egypt is renowned in commerce, are slowly making their way along the desert roads, to the towns of the Red Sea, and to Tyre, Cadytis, (Jerusalem,) and the Babylonian cities of the north. As night settles starrily over the city, numerous processions are seen winding through the lofty streets. That long train, headed by musicians and dancers, whose figures are garbed in long flowing robes of yellow, wearing wreaths of ivy on their heads, and carrying vases of melons, and offerings of honey, grapes, and cakes, are on their way to the temple of Osiris, the god of agriculture and guardian of Egypt; while yonder crowd of lamp-lit boats, which are crossing the lake to its central shrine, filled with musicians, are about to celebrate the festival of Isis, and deposit the various offerings they bear—baskets of fruits and flowers—before its illuminated altar.

In the great palace-temple of Rameses, to-night, King Necho, returned triumphant from Assyrian battle and the capture of Carchemish, holds solemn revel with his captains and councillors. In the centre of a vast chamber, from whose cedar roofs, supported by colossal pillar-figures, each the image of a king, clusters of burning cressets cast a yellow light over the huge, uncouth sculptures and inscribed walls, the feast is spread beneath the statue of the triple-faced god of the land, in whose stupendous stony presence the monarch and his assembly—all of whom belong to the highest caste—warriors, pontiffs, prophets, judges, hierophants, sacred scribes, and embalmers,—seem dwarfed to pygmean proportions. The tables, of yellow and black marble, are piled with pyramids of cool, luscious fruits, and strewed with golden salvers, and vases of the wines of Merope and Sais. From dusk, shadowy halls music breathes in various measures; from the ceilings perfumed waters sprinkle the feasters, amid whom, surrounded by all the opulence of regal luxury, a skeleton, dry and white, looks upon the revel with its silent, spectral smile. Splendid and solemn as this vast palace is, it has an air of being half a temple, half a tomb.

For some time the king has conversed with his captains on the events of the late war, and of the victories they had achieved. "Yea, glorious was the day," he cried, "when, from the morning sun's face, our god looked with vengeance on the city of the plain; when, as our army advanced like a stormy sea, the walls and battlements of Megiddo went down before the shock of our city-shaking engines; when the archers of Babylon, the shielded Lybians and Ethiopians, were trampled into dust beneath the rage of our horses and chariots, and the rush of our mighty men. At dawn the city threatened heaven with its towers; but the sign had signalled its destruction. The voice of the lord was heard afar off, as of a multitude of waters, proclaiming its ruin, and marshalling our battle; and when the night fell on the sepulchre of the kingdom, the earth shouted victory, and the heavens rejoiced through all their stars."

"Mighty are thy works, oh king," cried a high priest, as, animated with glory, the revellers drank deep of the rich wines around them; "but not less illustrious than those of war are the victories of peace. To unite our great river to the eastern sea, to open the path of Egyptian commerce to the gates of the Orient, and thus enable the remotest peoples to reciprocate arts, industry, language, knowledge with our own, is, maychance, an enterprise still more glorious and eternal in its consequences and renown than the subjugation of a hundred cities."

For a moment the king pondered silently, then striking his breast, he cried, "Verily thou hast spoken right, oh, Saiazan. War is the son of Earthquake, leaving but ruins, but Osiris smiles everlastingly on the works of peace; yet, even in such my reign has been distinguished; for, are not now my mariners engaged in exploring the unknown seas—are they not sailing even to the sunset, in search of new lands? By Isis, should the expedition I despatched, two years ago, to find a sailing path round Africa, ever return, the exploit will illustrate my reign more gloriously than though I had piled up a pyramid surpassing that of Suphis in magnitude."

"What, sire! knowest thou not they are already arrived," said a dark-faced figure, with sparkling eyes. "It is but two sunsets since the fleet arrived at Arsinoe, and even now a portion of the crew have reached the city." An expression of unwonted enthusiasm illuminated the dark majestic brow of Necho, who, forthwith rising, and signalling an attendant, ordered him to bring the mariners into his presence.

Then, after a short interval, through an opening door at the end of a long palace chamber, a group of Phœnician figures appeared, and advancing in the bright solemn, silence, knelt before the great king. Several were men of mighty fame; but the faces of all, black as basalt, burned with the sun, wrinkled with the winds, and worn with toil and anxiety, bore the same impress—an expression vague, monotonous, and strange which seemed to reflect the seriousness of the sea.

"Mariners," said a minister, advancing, when the group, to whom an attendant had handed wine, were seated in a semicircle at a little distance from the revellers surrounding the king, who reclined, fronting a serpent-coiled pillared casement through which one great southern constellation sparkled in the blue night—"rejoicing at your arrival, our king has required your presence, in order that he may hear from your own lips a brief detail of the great adventures you have accomplished, of the unknown seas you have traversed, of the lands you have discovered, and the wonders you have seen."

"Glory to Necho," said the spokesman, rising; "mighty is he among the monarchs of the earth; victory leads his armies; Osiris watches over his throne, shines on his people, and scatters his enemies like mist before the sun."—

"Autumn possessed the land, and it was the first day of the month Athyr, when, leaving Arsinoe, we commenced our voyage down the Arabian Gulf in the Etesian winds, which begin to blow from the north in that season, when, after holding by the familiar coasts for forty days, and visiting many of the Abyssinian ports, Myos, Nechesia, and Berenice, we at

length reached the strait, and after passing the last city with which we are acquainted—a great city on a promontory, whose obelisks rose over an ancient sycamore wood—we put forth into the Erythrean Sea. Thenceforward the ocean was unknown to us; thenceforward, for four moons, we pursued our course prosperously in the strong Etesian wind; but as we advanced, the heat became greater each day, and the regions we passed and rested at were wilder and more savage. All the day we sailed by wildernesses full of wild animals; white elephants and giraffes appeared in vast multitudes, but such men as came to the coast from their hunting grounds and villages in the woods differed as yet little from the other Lybians and Ethiopians. At length, after four moons, the winds became adverse, blowing from the south, and our way slow and difficult; our sails had become useless, and it was by the vigour of our rowers we pursued our journey.

Storms from the south became frequent and violent; in many places we feared to land, so multitudinous and barbarous were the people. For six moons the countries had continued fruitful, so that we were enabled to obtain plentiful store of fruits and water; but as we advanced, passing many days a great land, or maychance island, toward the east, the shores became alternately flat and rugged, and always barren, but still we pursued our course; and still the sun continued to rise on our left hand. Long ere we reached this region the aspect of the night-sky had changed, new constellations appeared, and with them a range of dim light cloud deep in the southern heaven, which never changed its place. At length, we entered a colder clime, a clime of fog, and cloud, and varying winds; and of storms frequent and terrible in their rage; and after two moons sailing round a high, barren coast, with great green plains inward, it seemed to us we had come into a new world, for lo! after a week of tempest, during which neither the golden orb of day or the stars of night shone upon our ships, the fogs at length cleared away, and wonder moved us, as conjecturing we were still proceeding in a straight line south, we saw the sun rise not as heretofore, but on our right;—then it was that consulting on this vision, we found we were once more voyaging north, along the western side of the world.

We had been, according to our calculation, a year at sea, when at length our provisions failed; and, as to proceed on our way along the shore of the unknown ocean was to die, we determined, having still some grain in our vessels, to land for a time, and setting it, await the harvest ere proceeding on our adventure, which we did. The place where we landed was of fertile earth; rich plains skirted the beach, woods and mountains extended endlessly within; a peaceful race, too, inhabited those regions; and here, having beached our vessels in safety, we built ourselves habitations anear them; and, preparing the land with such instruments of agriculture as we had carried with us, sowed our corn, and prepared, as best we might, to await the time of its ripening.

Meanwhile, our days we passed in hunting the many strange animals of the place, several of which afforded pleasant food, and fruits, too, abounded;

the climate was temperately warm ; and several of our mariners would wish to have remained there, but the heats of the Guatemala drove them home ; all had lost the taste of being in the storms and adventures they had passed, death itself seemed better than a life in an unknown world, and hope still impelled us to spread our sails on the ocean in our desire to reach Egypt.

At length, when our harvest came, we threshed and stored our corn, of which we had great quantity, and this done, without losing another day, embarked once more. Many months were passed on the great waters, and, as we stemmed onwards, we presently found that we were sailing north again by the rise of familiar stars. During this time, also, we saw many marvels of nature and life,—many races, brown and black, some giant figures, some common, others of pygmean stature, but still human. At length, when we arrived at a region of calm, with a pestilential coast, and great woods inward, we came among a race of monsters, named “Gorilla” by the interpreters—hair-covered men, more terrible than the lion, whose approach was death, whom man had never subdued—men-brutes, with voices as that of thunder heard at night in the dark, awful woodlands. Nor was it without joy that we at length cleared those inhospitable coasts, and sailing forward for many moons, at length reached one of our settlements south of Mauritania, reaching presently Carthage, where we rested for a season.

“Thus, successfully, oh King ! we have executed thy commands, and sailed round the world, if, indeed, its coasts are those alone we have passed ; for new regions may be in the unknown ocean toward the sunset ; and, if such there be, we but await thy mandate to issue forth again on new adventure, spreading our oars on the void.”

While the spokesman thus briefly narrated his story of the voyage, a deep silence brooded in the palace chamber. When he had ceased, the king, in whose brain, meanwhile, mighty plans of commerce and conquest had taken shape, rose and said :—

“Great has been thy achievement, oh, mariners, for thou hast added a new world to Egypt,—a work more memorable than a hundred victories. Henceforth thou shalt be accounted illustrious among thy people ; and while what reward thou wishest shall be thine—while thou livest—thy name, engraved on a mighty monument, shall be transmitted to all generations.”

Then the dark mariners, flushed with pride, and glad at heart, departed ; and, as they passed toward their dwelling-places, through the great streets of the city,—now through stately sphynx avenues, now by some tall obelisk or huge temple front, whose statue-pillars looked upon them with faces of colossal calm,—the night was already on the wane, and far off the moon, now verging low in the dark west, was illumining the ridges of the clouds in the midnight silence, like a sinking ship, amid the endless desert sands, setting over the solemn land, whose pyramids and sphynxes, colossal and still, seem to witness the spirit and breathe the air of eternity.

DRAUGHTS OF HIPPOCRINE

"GIVE me some noble thought to refresh my soul withal!" said Herder to his son, when the hand of sickness pressed heavy on him, and he was weary with many troubles, and disturbed with the presence of that double-shafted pain, which strikes the feeble frame and hurts the deathless spirit also. Something like this do many of us say in less evil plight to our poets, when thinking has fatigued, or hard work exhausted, or vexation embittered the spirit, or when the "fretful stir unprofitable" of all this "unintelligible world" has made for us a muddle we can neither live in nor die in. If they cannot give us just "some noble thought" to refresh, and animate, and tranquillize, they are no better than broken cisterns, and have deserved Sir Henry Saville's verdict, that they are "the best writers—next to them that write prose!"

The day's work is done. The stillest hour of the four-and-twenty is ours, and we turn to the books on our study table, meaning that the interval shall be made to yield good measure of actual profit or undoubted pleasure. Two Quarterly Reviews just issued lie before us, leaves uncut. Is it not a temptation to take them up—those portly publications, differing so materially in their views of peace and war, the state of the country and the dangers of the Church—and see whether this time the staff of the blue and yellow, or the retainers of the pale buff have the longest breath and the smartest tongue? One or two magazines of the month, contents just glanced at, are open on the one hand, and the hot-pressed pages flutter irresolutely if we only snort disapproval, or utter an unmistakable psaw! While on the other are still folded journals, home and foreign, the news growing staler and less astounding every moment we delay to take up the broadsheet and seek out with eager eyes the latest intelligence. A brand-new historical work is within reach of a long arm, and a political biography rests on a shelf hard by.

But somehow we are not in the vein for history, with its gigantic slanders, and intricate machinery for working out small ends, or for that sort of politics which means, as Shiel used to say, "Put in the Whigs, keep out the Tories!" or for a meal of miscellaneous literature, which leaves one with an uncomfortable sense of being crammed to repletion with impossible mixtures. Rather we are in the mood for languidly remarking that there is a great deal too much talking and writing; that scribes by profession might be decimated with advantage to the general community, whose march of intellect would speed all the better if the mercenaries were cashiered from the rank and file; that gentlefolks who hold the pen of a ready writer, and work *en amateur*, should learn, as in a somewhat similar case Arthur Helps recommends, to wear their talent "like a sword by their side," ready for use on fitting occasion, instead of flashing the Damascus blade in a perpetual sword-exercise. Very likely, in the cool of the morning our views may undergo considerable modification on this head. A clever leader in the morning paper which we take, may induce us to be

thankful there are sharp wits and powerful intellects and tongues that will not cease to wag, on the *right* side, and persuade us to accept with equanimity the progress of events, which has led the grand armies of contending opinion to choose their battle-field in the intellectual and speculative regions, rather than struggle bloodily on the dear earth's solid surface.

All we mean to aver is simply that at this present moment we want nothing but just that "noble thought," that strain of melody, that "sweet inland murmur," as of remembered waves and winds, which the poet, in the harmony of his passion and his song, can create like an immortal and waft over the spirit like a spell. We halt on the brow of Parnassus, ready to drink in such "copious wonder-draughts" as may be offered; satisfied to smile on "in a drowse of ecstasy;" prepared to be lifted up and whirled whither "all the breeze of fancy blows," set down in view of "the cohort bright of watchful Cherubim," or held in the invisible presence of other spirits, "with their sighs the air frequenting."—Ready, in a word, for any fascination; to dream away with "eyes half closed for pleasure," and waken up an hour hence with a vague impression that

"The Nereids danced; the syrens faintly sang!"

And here, under our very hand, we have a leash of poets.* Two, so far as we can judge from the title page of each one's book, singing audibly for the first time, and one, whose glorious voice we shall hear never more in this world, singing for the last. Ah! but they are all voiceful of Italy! Have the poets been in the camp, at the court, in the free parliament of Turin, hid in the dungeons, or abroad with the brigands? Do they shout for "our King Emanuel"? or chaunt a prophetic *Nunc Dimittis* for the Pontiff Confessor, who wears the triple crown and bears the triple cross? Do they pour oil on the waters, with calm majestic flow of rhythm soothing the furious passions of a people lashed into mad revolt? or do they, chiming with the roar of revolution, rage in rhyme? We shall see. Mrs. Barrett Browning, peace to her great soul,

"—unrelentingly possessed by thirst
Of greatness, love, and beauty!"

has put to her lips the intoxicating cup which these fierce Southern men pass round in the banquet of rebellion. To her it is but "wine alive with sparkles," for it has been her lot to be borne safe "over all the mountains" before the poison in the dregs had time to work its deadly mischief. But the gentle Englishwoman, in her foreign home, caught the echo of the battle-cry, and sang back war songs shrill and high. How her eye kindles at the sight of "the cursed flag of the yellow and black;" how she rages when "a pair of Emperors stand in the way"! Bourbons and Hapsburgs come in for anathemas in measured stanzas of unmeasured wrath. The bark of Peter is foundering in the vision of the present, and "our Italy stands at full stature" in the vision of the future. These are not the songs

* *Last Poems. Ballads and Songs. Queen Isabel.* Bell and Daldy, 1863.

which will live longest, though they have the soul of a true poet in them. Remembering other themes and other strains, we pass them by and say—This time the Pythoness has raved!

And here is another poet among the prophets. The author of "Queen Isabel,"

"—— on the fret
For battle in the cause of liberty"—

sends a whiff of grape along the lines of the "Other verses," has one dirge for Cavour and three or four for Garibaldi. Truly, our English poets at large in Italy seem to be excellent conductors of revolutionary heat, convenient media, by which

"—— the spirits perverse,
With easy intercourse, pass to and fro."

Well they humour the mood of the public at home! Every verse breathing onslaught and hate, sent forth through the plains and cities of Italy, has its refrain in the newspaper columns and common talk of indignant, anti-Papal England. It is just as it was twenty-six centuries ago. These people say to the seers: *Behold not for us those things that are right: speak unto us pleasant things; see errors for us.* And thereupon the seers depart, seeing pleasant things only, and "trusting in the shadow of Egypt."

But, stay: Miss Parkes has been out in Italy, also; and—let us look sharp—does not appear to chime in with the wild clarion blast; does not appear to have one word or thought to rhyme with Garibaldi! The "infinite world of Ancient Art" has a higher value in this poet's eye than the dream of a united Italy. The Seven Hills—"fair Hills, and nobly crowned!"—each with Christian memories clustering round them, are dearer evidently to the heart and imagination of this child of song, than would ever be the pulsing heart of the Universal Church transformed into the mock capital of a "regenerated" kingdom of rival factions crushed under the heel of a new tyranny. The heroes of the hour, dead lions even now, have not in the lays which record in tender deep-chanted strains the poet's recollections of Rome, usurped the place of saint or lawgiver, or elbowed out of reverential memory the past, which is the safeguard of the present and the earnest of the future. Possibly, then, this poet is more a prophet than our other two. The spirit which the author of "Ballads and Songs" has recognised, and felt to be in the Eternal City an abiding presence, is just the soul impassible and immortal, which will revivify the disordered social state, and breathe peace upon the troubled waters, when the frenzy of the hour has exhausted its violence, and all this tumult seems

"—— like uproar past and gone—
Like thunder clouds that spake to Babylon."

Here is a little poem, in which Miss Parkes gracefully transfuses into clear, smooth-flowing verse the idea of that true peace which is neither

stagnation, stultification, nor inaction. After the clamour that has rung in our ears, it is a relief to be sung to in calm, steady, well-modulated voice of thrice blessed—

“PEACE.

- “The steadfast coursing of the stars, Only in our disordered spheres
The waves that ripple to the shore, Almost is she unknown.
The vigorous trees which, year by year,
Spread upwards more and more ; “She is not rest, nor sleep, nor death ;
Order and motion ever stand,
“The jewel forming in the mine, To carry out her firm behests,
The snow that falls so soft and light, As guards at her right hand.
The rising and the setting sun,
The growing glooms of night. “And something of her living force
Fashions the lips when Christians say,
“All natural things both live and move, To Him whose strength sustains the
In natural peace that is their own ; world,
“Give us Thy Peace, we pray !”

And so, being softly set down, the war bugle silenced, let the spell of poesy, more potent and more true than the whirl of wild words be cast upon us. The “Story of Queen Isabel” is told in blank verse, smooth and sonorous ; and being not fifty pages long, can be read through at a heat, without the interest flagging by the way. But, in the end, as the memory of the measured lines dies out, the personages of the story float away, too, like a mist ; a method of vanishing which a true poet must take good care not to permit. Wicked King John is the most real character in the poem, and that undue prominence sets the group at once out of keeping. Queen Isabel suffered such grievous things as were a tenfold punishment for her youthful folly in preferring a prince for a suitor, to a noble heart of lesser estate for a lover. But she suffered so much that it seems quite impossible she could spring, in the last page, to clasp the new joy which, in the old way ends the tale, in so far as the writer has to do with the telling of it. And certainly, too, the key note of the composition has been struck by a hand more cunning in the art, and far more famous. The Laureate’s lays are the fount of inspiration, yet who can be surprised that it is so ? We unconsciously affect the air, talk with the accent, more or less imbibe the opinions even, of those we constantly associate with in the first years of life. At a later period, when a variety of influences have had opportunity to work, entirely new combinations are formed, and the result is pronounced originality. The poet, no doubt, begins by being an eager awe-struck listener ; no wonder that his first utterances are an echo of the music which has laid a spell upon his own soul. The beautiful poems, modestly entitled “Other Verses,” which fill the last half of the volume are original in kind, and are cut and finished like a royal gem. Mark the tenderness and deep feeling of this little poem :—

“LOVE IN SORROW.

- “What shall I do for thee ? Thou hast my prayers,
Ceaseless as stars around the great white throne ;

No passing angel but to heaven bears
 Thy name wreath'd round with some sweet orison;
 Yet evil on thy path may come and go,
 Taking deliberate aim to lay thee low,
 While I stand still, a looker on, to prove,
 The penury and weakness of my love.

"How shall I comfort thee? My tears are thine,
 Full duteously upon thy griefs they wait;
 If thou art wrong'd, the bitterness is mine,
 If thou art lonely, I am desolate:
 Yet still upon thy brow the darkness lies,
 Still the drops gather in thy plaintive eyes;
 The nails are sharp, the cross weighs heavily,
 I cannot weep away one pang for thee.

"The midnight deepens, and I cannot guide;
 The tempest threatens, and I cannot shield;
 I must behold thee wounded, tempted, tried;
 O, agony! I may behold thee yield!
 What boots the altar on my heart, whereon
 Thy royal image stands, unbreath'd upon,
 And safe and guarded from irreverent glance,
 With such array of helpless vigilance?

"Yet I would die for thee, and thou for me;
 We know this of each other, and forgive
 These tremblings of our faint humanity,
 So prompt to die, yet so afraid to live.
 Look up to heaven and wait! love greets us thence,
 Disrobed of its earthly impotence;
 Man's perfect love—below still doom'd to be
 Stronger than death, feebler than infancy."

Meanwhile, the sands run low. The steeds of Mephistopheles stamp impatiently. We may not "sing" any more than "sigh" away

"The light—the dusk—the dark—till break of day."

Yet another draught of generous vintage, and we are adown the slopes of Parnassus, safe and sober once more in the plains of prose. From Mrs. Barrett Browning we take this parting goblet, this "beaker full of the warm south." Was ever love that suffered deadly wrong sung so piteously and so passionately as by this poor child of the south, this ill-starred Bianca, whose lover of the north forsook her for a "lower nature" and a "narrower heart?" How these nightingales, "sisters of love-lorn poets," in their "pity-pleading strains" pierce the sad soul with too keen a sweetness!

BIANCA AMONG THE NIGHTINGALES.

"The cypress stood up like a church,
 That night we felt our love would hold,
 And saintly moonlight seemed to search
 And wash the whole world clean as gold;

The olives crystalized the vales'
 Broad slopes until the hills grew strong :
 The fireflies and the nightingales
 Throbb'd each to either, flame and song—
 The nightingales ! the nightingales !

“ Upon the angle of its shade
 The cypress stood, self-balanced, high ;
 Half-up, half-down, as double-made,
 Along the ground, against the sky.
 And *we*, too ! from such soul-height went
 Such leaps of blood, so blindly driven ;
 We scarce knew if our nature meant,
 Most passionate earth or intense heaven.
 The nightingales ! the nightingales !

* * *

“ I think I hear him, how he cried,
 ‘ My own soul’s life,’ between their notes,
 Each man has but one soul supplied,
 And that’s immortal. Though his throat’s
 On fire with passion now, to *her*
 He can’t say what to me he said !
 And yet he moves her, they aver.
 O, the nightingales sing through my head !
 The nightingales ! the nightingales !

“ He says to *her* what moves her most—
 He would not name his soul within
 Her hearing—rather pays her cost
 With praises to her lips and chin—
 ‘ Man has but one soul, ’tis ordained ;’
 And each soul but one love, I add ;
 Yet souls are damned and love’s profaned.
 These nightingales will sing me mad !
 The nightingales ! the nightingales !

* * *

“ I would not for her white and pink,
 Though such he likes—her grace of limb,
 Though such he has praised—nor yet, I think,
 For life itself, though spent with him,
 Commit such sacrilege, affront
 God’s nature, which is love, intrude
 ‘ Twixt two affianced souls, and hunt
 Like spiders in the altar’s wood—
 I cannot bear these nightingales !

“ If she chose sin, some gentler guise
 She might have sinned in, so it seems ;
 She might have pricked out both my eyes,
 And I still seen him in my dreams !

Or drugged me in my soup or wine,
 Nor left me angry afterward;
 To die here with his hand in mine,
 His breath upon me, were not hard.
 (Our Lady, hush these nightingales!)

"But set a springe for *him*, "mio ben,"
 My only good, my first, last love!—
 Though Christ knows well what sin is, when
 He sees some things done, they must move
 Himself to wonder. Let her pass.
 I think of her by night and day;
 Must I, too, join her . . . out, alas! . . .
 With Giulio, in each word I say?
 And evermore the nightingales!

"Giulio, my Giulio!—sing they so,
 And you be silent? Do I speak,
 And you not hear! An arm you throw
 Round some one, and I feel so weak!
 Oh, owl-like birds! They sing for spite,
 They sing for hate, they sing for doom!
 They'll sing through death who sing through night,
 They'll sing and stun me in the tomb—
 The nightingales! the nightingales!"

NEW MODE OF SERVING A PROCESS.

THE election for Galway County was proceeding whilst I was refreshing myself at Rock House, Castlebar, after various adventures at Ballinrobe. I met at Rock House an old fellow who told me his name was Ned Bodkin, a Connemara boy; and that he had come with two or three other lads only to *search* for voters to take to Galway for Squire Martin's poll. Bodkin came to Mrs. Burke's house to consult Counsellor Moore, and I determined to have a full conversation with him as to the peninsula of Connemara and its statistics. He sent off eight or nine free-holders (such as the were) in eight-and-forty hours; they were soon polled for the squire, and came back as happy as possible.

I asked Mr. Bodkin where he lived.

"Ah! then where should it be but at Connemara?" said he.

"And what's your trade or calling, when you're at home, Mr. Bodkin?" inquired I.

"Why, please your honour, no poor men could live upon one calling now-a-days as we did in owld times, or no calling at all, as when the squire was *in it*. Now I butchers a trifle, your honour! and burns the kelp when I'm entirely idle. Then I take a touch now and then at the still, and smuggle a few in Sir Neil's cutter when the coast is clear."

"Anything else, Mr. Bodkin?"

"Ough yes, your honour; 'tis me that tans the brogue leather for the colonel's yeomen: (God bless them!) besides, I'm bailiff-bum of the townlands, and make out our election registries; and when I've nothing else to do, I keep the squire's accounts: and by my sowl that same is no asy matter, plase your honour, till one's used to it! but, God bless him, up and down, wherever he goes, here or hereafter! he's nothing else but a good master to us all."

"Mr. Ned Bodkin," continued I, "everybody says the king's writ does not run in Connemara?"

"Ough! then whoever towld your honour that is a big liar. By my sowl, when the King George's writ (crossing himself) comes within smell of the big house, the boys soon make him run as if the seven red devils was under his tail, saving your presence. It's King George's writ that *does run* at Connemara, plase your worship, all as one as a black greyhound. O the devil a stop he stays till he gets into the court-house of Galway again!"

Mr. Bodkin talked allegorically, so I continued in the same vein:—

"And pray, if you catch the king's writ, what do you do then?"

"Plase your honour, that story is asy towld. *Do*, is it? I'll tell your honour that. Why, if the *prossy-sarver* is *cotched* in the territories of Ballynabinch, by my sowl, if the squire's not *in it*, he'll either eat his parchments every taste, or go down into the owld coal-pit sure enuff, whichever is most *agreeable* to the said *prossy-sarver*."

"And I suppose, he generally prefers eating his parchments?" said I.

"Your honour's right enuff," replied Mr. Bodkin. "The *varment* generally gulps it down mighty glib; and, by the same token, he is seldom or ever obstrepulous enuff to go down into the said coal-pit."

Dry food, Mr. Bodkin," said I.

"Ough! by no manner of manes, your honour. We always give the *prossy-sarver*, poor crethur! plenty to moisten his said food with and wash it down well, anyhow; and he goes back to the 'sises as merry as a water-dog, and swears (God forgive him!) that he was *kilt* at Connemara by people unknown; becaize if he didn't do that, he knows well enuff he'd soon be kilt dead by people he did know, and that's the truth, plase your honour, and nothing else."

"Does it often happen, Mr. Bodkin?" said I.

"Ough! plase your honour, only that our own baliffs and yeomen soldiers keep the sheriff's officers out of Connemara, we'd have a rookery of them afore every 'sises and sessions, when the master's among the Sassanachs in London city. We made one lad, when the master was in said foreign parts, eat every taste of what he towld us was a chancellor's bill, that he brought from Dublin town to sarve in our quarter. We laid in ambush, your honour, and cotched him on the bridge; but we did not throw him over that, though we made believe that we would. 'We have you, you villain!' said I. 'Spare my life!' says he. 'What for?' said I. 'Oh! give me marcy!' says the sarver. 'The devil a taste,' said I. 'I've

nothing but a chancellor's bill,' said he. 'Out with it,' says I. So he ups and outs with his parchment, plase your honour:—by my sowl, then, there was plenty of that same!

"'And pray, what name do you go by when you are at home?' said I. 'O, then, don't you know Burke the *bum*?' said he. 'Are you satisfied to *eat* it, Mr. Burke?' said I. 'If I was as *hungary* as twenty hawks, I could not eat it all in less than a fortnight, anyhow,' said the sarver, 'it's so long and crisp.' 'Never fear,' said I.

"'Why shu'dn't I fear?' said he.

"'What's that to you?' said I. 'Open your mouth, and take a bite, if you plase.' 'Spare my life!' said he. 'Take a bit, if you plase, Mr. Burke,' again said I.

"So he took a bite, plase your honour; but I saw fairly it was too dry and tough for common eating, so I and the rest of the *boys* brought the *bum* to my little cabin, and we soaked the *chancellor* in potsheen in my little keg, and I towld him he should stay his own time till he eat it all as soon as it was *tinder*, and at three meals a day, with every other little nourishment we could give the crethur. So he stayed very agreeable till he had finished the chancellor's bill every taste, and was drunk with it every day twice, at any rate; and then I towld him he might go back to Galway town and welcome. But he said he'd got kinder treatment and better liquor nor ever the villain of a sub-sheriff gave any poor fellow, and if I'd let him, he'd fain stay another day or two to bid us good-bye. 'So, Mary,' said I to the woman my wife, 'commodate the poor officer a day or two more to bid us good-bye.' 'He's kindly welcome,' says she. So Burke stayed till the 'sizes was over, and then swore he lay for dead on the road-side, and did not know what became of the chancellor's bill, or where it was deposited at said time. I had towld him, your honour, I'd make good his oath for him; and, accordingly, we made him so drunk, that he lay all as one as a dead man in the ditch till we brought him home, and then he said he could kiss the holy 'pistle and gospel safe in the court-house, that he lay for dead in a ditch by reason of the treatment he got at Connemara; and Mr. Burke turned out a good fellow; and the devil a prossy-server ever came into Connemara for a year after, but he sent a gossoon aforehand to tell us where we'd catch the sarver afore sarvice. Oh! God rest your sowl, Bum Burke, and deliver it safe! it's us that were sorry enuff when we heard the horse kilt you dead—oh, bad cess to him! the likes of ye didn't come since to our quarter."

This mode of making process-servers *eat* the process was not at all confined to Connemara. I have myself known it practised often at the colliery of Doonan, the estate of my friend Hartpoole, when his father Squire Robert was alive. It was quite the custom; and if a person in those times took his residence in the purlieus of that colliery, serving him with any legal process was entirely out of the question; for if a bailiff attempted it, he was sure to have either a meal of sheepskin or a dive in a coal-pit, for his trouble.

This species of outrage was, however, productive of greater eyil than

merely making the process-server eat his bill. Those whose business it was to serve processes in time against the assizes, being afraid to fulfil their missions, took a short cut, and swore they *had* actually served them, though they had never been on the spot;—whereby many a judgment was obtained surreptitiously, and executed on default, upon parties who had never heard one word of the business:—and thus whole families were ruined by the perjury of one process-server.

The magistrates were all country gentlemen, very few of whom had the least idea of law proceedings further than when they happened to be directed against themselves; and the common fellows, when sworn on the holy Evangelists, conceived they could outwit the magistrates by kissing their own thumb, which held the book, instead of the cover of it; or by swearing, “By the virtue of my oath it’s through (true), your worship!” (putting a finger through a button-hole.)

So numerous were the curious acts and anecdotes of the Irish magistrates of those days, that, were I to recite many of them, the matter-of-fact English (who have no idea of Irish freaks of this nature) would, I have no doubt, set me down as a complete romancer.

I conceived it would much facilitate the gratification of my desire to learn the customs of the Irish magisterial justices by becoming one myself. I therefore took out my *didimus* at once for every county in Ireland; and being thus a magistrate for thirty-two counties, I of course, wherever I went, learned all their doings; and I believe no body of men ever united more *authority* and less *law* than did the Irish justices of thirty years since.

IRISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL STUDIES.

I. THE WONDERS OF ANCIENT ERI.

In these days of under-ground railways, iron-cased steamboats, monster balloons, and electric telegraphs—when men may breakfast in London and drop in at a Paris restaurant a few hours after to dine; may converse with their friends at the antipodes with an expedition which leaves time itself behind; or ascend with a Coxwell to an elevation never reached by the soaring condor—when Armstrong guns send their iron messengers to a distance of six miles, and Admiral Fitzroy, presiding in the chair of the facetious “Old Moore,” of weatherwise memory, professes to predict every capricious turn of the truant wind—the circumstances regarded as wonders in ancient times, before the development of the powers of steam, gunpowder, and electricity, may excite the disdainful smile of the cynical philosopher.

The true thinker, however, will discover in the *mirabilia* of antiquity, not the mere shadows of idle dreams and superstitious fancy, but the actual elements of those wonders of nature and art which the accumulated results of investigation and invention, proceeding through a long course of ages, have presented (although in a still imperfect manner) to the minds of the present generation.

The imperishable ruins of Egypt, Greece, and Rome—the massive remains of Thebes, and Carthage, and Nineveh—attest the sublime degree of perfection to which at least *one* of the arts of civilization had attained, at a period separated by centuries from the highest point of authentic chronological antiquity. Nor were the early eastern nations ignorant of the principles of the sciences, the cultivation of which has contributed to such astonishing results as are daily witnessed, and may be said to have endowed man with almost unlimited power over nature's vast dominion. The European nations of the present day owe their literature and philosophy to Greece and Rome. The astrology of the middle ages, which, in the hands of Newton, Copernicus, and "the Starry Galileo," became the system of after times, was borrowed from the ancient Chaldeans. The science of geometry, and its kindred subjects, is founded on the principles of the great Greek mathematician, Euclid; while that of algebra is traced to the Arabians. Nor is it likely that the other branches of science, such as chemistry, botany, and natural philosophy, were neglected by the races who built those mighty monuments in Egypt and Greece, which, after the lapse of thousands of years, continue to excite the wonder of civilized nations, whose grandest efforts are thrown into shade by the magnitude of these gigantic remains.

In fact, it may almost be asserted that modern civilization has invented nothing new. It has rather resuscitated, rehabilitated, and developed into manhood, if you will, the genius of antiquity, whose growth was rudely checked by the political and social convulsions attending the incursions of barbarous hordes that swept over the civilized nations of the world in the early ages of Christianity.

If we contrast the objects which passed as prodigies with the early inhabitants of modern countries, with such as formed the subject of wonderment to the nations of antiquity, we shall be enabled to judge of the character of the ancient civilization, which it is the fashion with latter-day philosophers and critics to decry. It will be seen that, whereas the wonders of modern nations, down to a recent period, were of the natural, and sometimes, of course, of the supernatural kind, the *mirabilia* of antiquity were chiefly of an artificial character. Of the latter, history has preserved the names and details of seven, which, for two thousand years, have retained the distinctive title of "The Seven Wonders of the World." Although the theme of study with our readers in their youth, "familiar to their mouths as household words," we will here repeat them, even at the risk of being considered tedious; for, strange as it may appear, we have never met, amongst our most intelligent friends, one who could enumerate them! They were—The Colossus of Rhodes, beneath which the navies of the world might pass; the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, which Eratostratus set fire to, in order that his name might go down to posterity, coupled with the story of its magnificence; the Mausoleum of Mausoleus, King of Caria, erected by his queen, Artemisia; the gigantic ivory statue of Jupiter, in the city of Olympia, carved by the hand of Phidias; the walls of the city of Babylon, built by Semiramis; the Pyramids of Egypt; and the Royal

Palace of Cyrus, the Median king, the stones of which were said to have been cemented with gold. When we reflect on the omission from this list of universal wonders of the massive structures that existed, and still exist, although shorn of their grandeur, in Athens, in Thebes, in Carthage, and Palmyra, and of the great wall of China—built, nobody knows when—our opinion of the ingenuity of the age which produced these wonders, and of the race or races by whom they were created, must be immeasurably enhanced.

And what are the prodigies which modern Europe can contrast with the wonders of hoar antiquity? The cathedrals of Rome, Milan, Paris, and London are, no doubt, triumphs of architectural skill, but they cannot stand comparison with the remains of those gigantic structures scattered over the sandy deserts of Asia. The utilitarian, pointing to the discovery of steam, gunpowder, printing, and electricity, may contrast them with the motive power practised by ancient nations, and regard with contempt the ingenuity that devised cross-bows, battering-rams, catapults, and Greek-fire. No doubt the catapult formed but a poor contrivance in warfare, compared to the present ordnance, as the combustible liquid used by the Greeks in their naval battles would furnish but a very inefficient substitute for red-hot shot; while an Athenian trireme of the age of Themistocles, would cut but a sorry figure if pitted against either the "Warrior" or "*La Gloire*;" but it should not be forgotten that five hundred years have passed since the discovery of gunpowder created an entire revolution in the mode of conducting warfare, so that the progress of science in this respect has been gradual indeed; while the knowledge of the power of steam has been ascertained to have existed six hundred years ago, and for aught that we can now discover, may have been understood in the time of Archimedes, if not at a much earlier period. But whether the builders of Nineveh, of Carthage, and Thebes, cultivated the arts and sciences, by the aid of which such wonders have been effected in the present day; or, in the elevation of those immense edifices only imitated, but on a larger scale, the instinct of the beaver, as some authorities would endeavour to prove, the fact remains (and it is one pregnant with meaning,) that whilst, as we have remarked, the objects which excited the admiration and astonishment of antiquity were mostly, if not entirely, of an artificial kind, the subjects that excited the wonder and curiosity of the European nations, during the middle ages, and even down to comparatively modern times, were, if we except the miraculous manifestations attending the Christian dispensation, almost entirely drawn from the workshop of nature.

Of the extensive and invaluable list of works, published under the auspices of the gentlemen composing the Irish Archæological and Celtic Society, who have done so much to illustrate the genuine history of this country, there is one very curious volume, edited with much labour and pains by the Rev. Dr. Todd, whose masterly translation of the very obscure text, and profuse notes, evince an acquaintance with the ancient language, literature, and history of Ireland, which must secure for that gentleman the profound admiration of every Irish scholar. We refer to the volume

containing the "Irish Version of the *Historia Britonum*," of Nennius, a Welsh writer, who is supposed to have flourished in the eighth century, together with other tracts relating to the origin of the Pictish and Milesian tribes, and the succession of the early Kings of Scotland.

The book also includes an account of the wonders of the Islands of Great Britain and Man, taken from the original manuscript in Trinity College, purporting to be an Irish translation of Nennius, by Giolla Caoimhghin, who died about the year 1072, and a list of the wonders of Eri, extracted from the lost manuscript called "The Book of Glendalough."

The simple character of the British "prodigies" gravely handed down to us, not as mere local objects of curiosity, but as subjects of universal astonishment, furnishes materials for a pretty accurate estimate of the intellectual condition of the inhabitants of Great Britain about the period of the introduction of Christianity into it; while the absence from the Irish list of any allusion whatever to those edifices of surprising splendour alleged to have been erected, at immemorial periods, on the hills of Tara, Cruachan, Emania, Ailech, and Cashel, suggest some important considerations; for we must either recognise in this omission the correctness of the bardic accounts, which represent the Milesian colony as familiar with the system of architecture practised by the eastern nations through which they wandered on their return from Egypt to Spain; or we must conclude that the glowing descriptions of the festivities of Tara and Emania, recorded by Irish poets, are but fabulous inventions. The foundations and remains discovered at Tara, by Mr. Petrie, leave little doubt of the former existence, on that historic mount, of very extensive buildings; but, as no stones appear to have been found among the *debris*, it is to be inferred that the structures were built of clay or wood, which might doubtless, account for the absence of all reference to them in our list of wonders.

The wonders peculiar to the island of Britain appear to have been very few, numbering in all only thirteen, which was also the number of the British *Tlysau*, or talismans of virtue. Of these, six are connected with seas, lakes, and rivers, the remainder being properties pertaining to land. The first was Loch Lemnon, or Lomond, which appears to possess greater attractions now than it did in the time of Nennius; for its claims to admiration then consisted in its having "sixty islands and sixty rocks in it, each surmounted by an eagle; sixty streams flowing into it, and one stream out of it—the Leamain." At a later period, however, its marvellous properties became vastly increased; for Geoffrey of Monmouth describes the eagles as assembling together once a-year, and singing aloud their prophecies of future events; and Alexander Necham claims for its waters the same petrifying powers attributed, as we shall see, to Lough Neagh—

"Scotland's enriched with rivers; timber thrown
Into cold Lomond's waters turns to stone."

The second wonder, described as "the mouth of the stream Tranon,

which is filled from the bottom with one wave, and ebbs like every other sea," signifies merely the violence of a spring-tide at the estuary of the Southampton river. The next marvel was "the fiery waters," which were in a paved bath, and were either hot or cold, according to the bather's wish. "The fountain of salt" forms the fourth wonder—the only miraculous thing in connection therewith being the ignorance of the chronicler and his contemporaries, who thought that salt was only found in the sea. The fifth wonder appropriately consisted of two *bubbles of froth* at the mouth of the Sabrain, or Severn, which "encounter and break each other, move back again, and come in collision again, and thus continue perpetually;" a phenomenon, if such it can be called, very common to estuaries. The aqueous wonders conclude with Loch Heilie, "which has no waters flowing into it or out of it; different kinds of fishes in it at every side; in depth reaching only to a man's knee; its length and breadth twenty cubits, and surrounded with high banks."

Among the land wonders were an apple-bearing ash-tree at the stream of Goas; a cave in the district of Guent, or Monmouthshire, having wind constantly blowing out of it; and an altar in Longraib, or Llwyngarth, in Gower, upon the sea shore, supported in the air, although the height of a man above the earth. This wonder, although strongly resembling the fable of Mahomet's coffin, is unquestionably of Christian origin, and attributed to an incident in the life of St. Illtus; who, as the legend states, beheld a ship approaching which contained the body of a saint, and an altar suspended in air over it. He buried him under the altar and built a church over it. The altar was but slightly raised; for a Regulus, or local prince, being doubtful, proved the fact by passing his rod or wand under it. He was punished for his incredulity by a speedy death; and another man, who peeped under it, by blindness. The tenth in order is described as a stone on a cairn in Buellt, with the impression of the paws of King Arthur's dog in it; "and though it should be carried away to any part of the world, it would be found on the cairn again." The eleventh wonder, exactly similar to a superstition connected with the hill of Tara, to which we shall advert farther on, was a sepulchre of a Procrustean nature, in Herefordshire, that at one time measured seven feet, another time ten, another time twelve, and other times fifteen feet in length.

The marvellous element of the twelfth wonder is briefly described as "a stone in a cataract in Brebic," neither the properties of the stone nor the locality of the cataract being specified; and the thirteenth consisted of a quern in Machlin Cul, in Ayrshire, Scotland, "which constantly grinds, except on Sunday, and is heard working under ground." In addition to the foregoing, there are a few other wonders, not referred to by Nennius, but added by the Irish writer, for the benefit of posterity, in which the existence of birds of the diver species, and the growth of limpets in the Clyde, are accounted astonishing facts—all evincing a smaller degree of acquaintance with the wonders of nature, in the Anglo-Saxon age of England, than one would infer from the fanciful histories of that period

composed by the enthusiastic, but clearly imaginative, writers of Great Britain.

The wonders of the Isle of Man were only three in number; "a strand without a sea;" "a ford far from the sea, which fills when the tide flows, and decreases when the tide ebbs;" "and a stone which moves at night in Glenn Cindenn," and though it should be cast into the sea, or into a cataract, it would be found on the margin of the same valley."

It is not a little remarkable that the belief in the migratory power of stones seems to have been shared by the inhabitants of the three islands, although it is probable that the Irish borrowed the notion from their neighbours, as there is no trace of such a superstition in the earlier written documents.

An examination of the wonders of Ireland, of which the catalogue is extensive indeed, indicates a remarkable difference between the genius of its people and the low grade of civilization characteristic of a race who could regard with surprise some of the trivial circumstances included in the list of British prodigies.

The *Mirabilia Hiberniæ* have been described by Nennius, Giraldus Cambrensis, and his followers, as also by O'Flaherty, the author of "Ogygia;" but the most accurate account of them is contained in the "Book of Ballymote," into which it must have been copied from the lost "Book of Glendalough," about the year 1391; and the tenacity with which local traditions still preserve the circumstantial details of the phenomena that startled the minds of men 1,200 years ago, strongly supports the authenticity of our ancient chronicler, whose authority it is sometimes the fashion to call in question.

The catalogue of Irish wonders commences with Inis-Gluair, or Inish-Glory, off the coast of Mayo, sacred in ancient times to St. Brendan, the property of which was, "that the corpses carried into it did not rot at all, but their hair and nails grew; and every one in it recognised his father and grandfather for a long period after their death; neither did unsalted meat rot in it." The property of preserving unsalted meat has not been reported of any other spot in Ireland, as far as we are aware; but instances are not wanting, even at the present day, of human bodies being found in many parts of the country in a perfect state of preservation, after having lain in the earth during the period of half a century. More marvellous still is the virtue attributed to the water of Lough Neagh, which possessed such power of transmutation, that a holly tree, sunk in it during seven years, became changed, the portion sunk in the earth into stone, and that standing in the water into iron, the part remaining above water retaining its own nature. The well of Maell Gobhann, in a mountain in Leinster, converted ash rods into hazel, and hazel again into ash, whence it got the name of "*Deach Fleesach*," or the "Wand-Transformer." The petrifying quality of Lough Neagh, which, as already remarked, was formerly claimed for Loch Lomond, is ascribed to the soil as well as to the water, and popularly believed to the present day. Indeed, the inhabitants of the locality preserve pieces of petrified wood turned up by the plough at a distance of even

two miles from the lake ; and it is not improbable that the "round towers of other days," which formerly excited the awe of the fisherman, were only the petrified remains of some submarine substances.

The veneration in which the ancient wells were held by the inhabitants of this country is undoubtedly traceable to the sacred character imparted to them by their contiguity, in most cases, to ecclesiastical edifices, or to the remote hut of some holy recluse ; but many of them are referred to as possessing marvellous properties of a purely natural character. Thus, the well of Galloon, in Monaghan (and one in Munster not particularized in the list,) possessed the property of changing human hair of any colour into gray ; while a well of an opposite efficacy existed in another part of Ulster. If any one touched or gazed on the well of Slieve Bloom, its sky ceased not to pour down rain until mass and sacrifice were offered at it. The superstition connected with this well, the source of the river Barrow, is of a class still widely prevalent amongst the Irish peasantry, who to this day retain the notion that if a pure spring well, whether consecrated or not, be defiled by throwing any nauseous filth into it, or washing soiled clothes in it, it will either dry up or migrate to some other locality ; and many examples of such migrations are pointed out in every county in Ireland. A celebrated well at Raphoe, in Donegal, overflowed its brim, "with a murmuring of waves," at the approach of a person destined to a long life ; but sunk down suddenly to the bottom before the gaze of one destined to a short career. The peasantry of the plain of Coranna, near Colooney, in Sligo, still attribute to a well "of sweet water" in that district, the property ascribed to it ten centuries ago, and which consisted, as in the case of the well included in the wonders of the Isle of Man, in flowing and ebbing like the sea, although situated at a long distance from that element.

There were two wells in Orior, to the eastward of the town of Armagh, the waters of one of which, if tasted, produced instant death, while those of the other, if gazed on three times, immediately rose up and drowned the gazer.

The miraculous property attributed to the cairn on the stand of Eothaile, or Trahowelly, in Sligo, (remarkable as having been the scene of the death of Eochaidh, the last of the Fir-bolg monarchs,) over which the tide never reached, though it submerged higher rocks all round it, is said to have been conferred on it in commemoration of a conference of ecclesiastics, held there in the sixth century, under the presidency of a holy bishop named Mane.

A stone in Loch-na-Nonchon, or the Lake of Otters, now the same, it is supposed, as Loch-na-hanagan, near Glendaloch, is stated to have possessed a property somewhat suggestive of the miracle performed on the rock of Horeb ; "for if struck with a wand, by way of assault, rain ensued, and sunshine after."

The wonders of Tara are only three in number, one of the prodigies being a youth of seven, who became a parent at that age ; another the grave of a dwarf, which, like the sepulchre in the British *Mirabilia*, altered its dimensions, measuring five feet for every one, whether small or large ; and the third, the Lia Fail, or stone of Destiny, that shouted under every

king whom it recognised in the sovereignty of Tara. This, as our readers are aware, is the remarkable stone said to have been sent to Scotland, in the fifth century, for the coronation of Fergus Mac Ere, the first of the Dalriadic kings, and subsequently removed by Edward the First to Westminster, where it is supposed to have remained to the present day, under the coronation chair of the monarchs of the British Isles; but incontestably proved by Mr. Petrie, in his "Dissertation on the Antiquities of Tara," to be still near the spot occupied by it at the period when, according to ancient Irish history, the predominance of the Scotie race depended on its possession.

The mountain of Slieve Bloom appeared to have been regarded with peculiar veneration, as, besides the remarkable well already alluded to, there was a mill-pond situated at its foot, at the place now called Clonfert-Mulloe, which possessed the power of converting into lepers all who bathed at its neck, although if entered at any other place no harm ensued. The old church of Russagh, near the village of Street, in Westmeath, was the scene of a wonder, expressive of the singular superstition still prevalent in many parts of Ireland, respecting the indulgence of curiosity on the part of the female sex; for no woman could look at the grave of MacRustang, one of the eight distinguished scholars of Armagh, in the year 740, who was buried at Russagh, without uttering an involuntary shriek, or a loud, foolish laugh.

The precocity of the infant prodigy of Tara was exceeded by the wonderful powers of the children Crebra and Lasra, who spoke before their birth, invoking or rather prophesying the advent of St. Patrick. The marvellous character of this incident, originally sufficiently surprising, has been rendered still more astonishing by succeeding writers, one of whom adds "that their voices were heard throughout Ireland, and even reached the ears of Pope Celestine at Rome."

Another marvel, much more recent than the foregoing, and probably confounded with it, is mentioned as having occurred in the year 870, when an infant boy spoke at a place called Craebh Lasre, near Clonmacnoise, disclosing many tidings, all of which were uttered, the historian observes, in "good Irish."

Nor were the wonders of Clonmacnoise confined to this; for a man named *Inte Bucuc* lived there, without a head, for the space of seven years; another who was blind used to dive into the Shannon and bring up an eel in each of the forks of his hands and feet; and in the plain before the monastery were discovered the remains of a giant fifteen feet long, which were found buried in the earth at a depth of thirty feet, and covered with drops of blood.

That the ancient Irish possessed some notion of the doctrine of the metempsychosis plainly appears from the wonderful property believed to have been inherent in a race of people dwelling in Ossory, who could transform themselves into wolves, in which form they sallied forth to prey on cattle; but if they happened to be killed with any of the flesh of the victims in their mouths, the human bodies out of which they had come would exhibit corres-

ponding signs. It is also added that their families were commanded not to remove the bodies during the absence of the spirit, for if moved, the latter could not again enter into its original habitation. This subject is further illustrated by the wonderful incident stated to have occurred to the poet Mac-Coisi, who lived in the tenth century, and who, walking one day by the Boyne, perceived a flock of swans, one of which he wounded; but on running to catch it, he found the bird transformed into a woman, who, in answer to his inquiries, represented that she had been spirited away by demons, her body remaining with her friends, who considered that she had died, and to whom the poet restored her.

Any violent commotion of the elements seems to have excited great awe, and naturally furnished materials for some of the *mirabilia*. Thus, a fearful thunder storm is recorded as having occurred in the year 799, which killed 1010 persons in the territory of Corco Baiscinn, in Clare, and divided Mutton Island, on the west coast of that county, into three parts; whilst showers of blood are frequently referred to; and lakes are reported to have been converted into blood. The removal of lakes from one locality to another is also mentioned, as Loch Laigh, in Connaught, which stole off into the sea in the year 848, and the Lake of Seecoran, in Cavan, which migrated and went into the Faval, a stream tributary to the Boyne, in the year 1054. From the fact that no reference to the Bog of Allen occurs in the earlier list of Irish wonders, it is probable that the superstition connected with the locomotive power of that bog is of comparatively modern date.

Mention is made of a stone preserved in some church in Ulster, from which blood oozed three days before any contemplated attack of the church; and of a great stone cross on the fair-green of Slane, in Meath, that was taken up into the air and shattered, so that some of its shreds and fragments were carried to Teltown, Fennor, and Tara. The other chief atmospheric phenomena were the belfry of fire seen near Kilbeggan, in Westmeath, in the year 1054, from which a flock of monstrous birds emerged; and the aerial vessel, (the result probably of mirage, if not a simple allegory,) represented as having been seen by Conghalach, monarch of Ireland, in the tenth century.

The island of Loch Cre, in Eile (now Monahinsha, in the barony of Ikerin, and county of Tipperary,) anciently possessed very remarkable properties; for no female of any created species could exist on it, and no sinner could die on it, nor could any person bury one in it. The prohibition against women approaching certain places or things was also maintained in regard to the mill of Kilkeas, situated near Knocktopher, in the county of Kilkenny, which, like the quern previously referred to as the thirteenth of the British Wonders, refused to work on Sunday, and would not grind corn that had been stolen.

The ducks of the pond of Scanboth, an old church at the foot of Mount Leinster, dedicated to St. Cólman, and now known as Templeshanbo, appear to have been regarded with singular respect, probably on account of the patriarchal age to which they were permitted to exist; for it is reported

by the Irish marvel-monger, as well as by Cambrensis, in whose hands, as Dr. Todd remarks, a wonder lost none of its marvellous element, that though they were put into a pot upon the fire, and though all the woods in the world were burned under that pot, the ducks would not be injured, nor would the water become hot.

The list of Irish wonders which, in addition to the preceding, includes also some remarkable properties pertaining to Loch Lene, Lough Reagh, and other natural beauties, and comprises an account of the crane of Inishkea, in Mayo, believed to have existed since the creation, concludes with the immunity Ireland enjoys from toads and serpents: "There live not, then," observes the chronicler, "toads nor serpents in all Eri; and even though they be brought from other places into it, they die immediately; and this has been tested. Except the mouse, the wolf, and the fox, there has not been, and there shall not be, any noxious animal in it. And it is temperate of heat and cold. The sea will come over it seven years before the day of judgment."

The popular belief ascribes this peculiarity of Ireland to the prayers of St. Patrick, but the most trustworthy writers of the saint's life, including Colman and Lanigan, reject the belief, maintaining, notwithstanding the statement contained in the last quotation, that there never were any venomous serpents in this country. In Bede's time, the freedom of Ireland from noxious reptiles was attributed to some peculiar virtues of its wood, the efficacy of which extended to all kinds of poison, "for," observes the admirable old chronicler, "I myself have seen persons who have been bitten by serpents find a remedy in the thin shavings brought from Ireland, which being infused in water and given to the patient to drink, has immediately allayed and brought down the swelling, and assuaged the whole venom of the poison."

The reader who has attentively considered the difference between the nature of the preceding Irish *mirabilia* and the wonderful trifles which excited the admiration of Britain, twelve hundred years ago, will have remarked, as already indicated, that the Irish wonders evince a degree of intellectual capacity and advancement far beyond the grade then attained by their neighbours; who could hardly have attained, at that period, the high degree of civilization ascribed to them by the modern writers of Great Britain.

THE MARTYRDOM.

High sat the monarch in that proud array
Of brilliant ladies and of courtiers gay;
Upon his brow there was a vengeful ire;
Alas! what fated man awaked that fire?
In vain the courtiers flatter and caress,
His mood but grows to darker sullenness.
"In sooth," at length he said, with taunting sneer,
"Brave knights, have we who dance around us here!"

Each day this Becket, restless, wayward slave,
 Our high authority, untouched, may brave;
 And now he travels forth in royal state!
 And men all hail him as a king, of late!
 This daring man so stirs our royal blood,
 I would his carcass were the ravens' food!"

Such were the bitter words of deadly hate
 Which Henry vented 'gainst one cherished late;
 'Tis needless now each cause and step to trace
 By which the favourite lost the monarch's grace;
 Much cause to hate a perverse heart could find
 In the high virtue of that noble mind—
 His Saxon vigour, and his Eastern * fire,
 Made Becket what men fear, and yet admire:
 There was command within his sparkling eye,
 And on his brow a saintly majesty;
 Yet would you think the power half concealed,
 Some time may shew thee all its strength reveal'd;
 Those lips, expressive of unbending will,
 Were calmly sealed with smiling sweetness still;
 Yet, in good truth, the smile, with sweetness beaming,
 Might change to aspect of another seeming—
 Whene'er Religion's force to Nature's away,
 At times of bitter conflict, might give way—
 That placid smile, oft changed to withering sneer,
 Which foes, and sometimes friends, were wont to fear;
 Which no one wished to hear whom once it stung.
 Yet was his heart pure, manly, and sincere—
 As strange to Hatred as it was to Fear.
 No selfish feeling caused him thus to speak;
 'Twas earnest pity for the wrong'd or weak;
 Nor was he slow, while battling in their cause,
 To deal unloving words among their foes.
 Nay, blame not, that he failed to check that soul,
 Which others' sneers or threats could not control!
 Along the sacred tessellated floor,
 Of silent aisle and ancient corridor,
 The evening sun now sheds his mellow beams,
 And rich effulgence pours in glorious streams;
 And each resplendent beam while passing through
 Has stol'n the decorated window's hue.
 Now slowly their departing glories fade,
 While spreads around the evening's deepening shade;

* In allusion to the well-known story related in the "Saxon Chronicle," which represents the mother of Becket to have been an Eastern lady, who, having fallen in love with his father, followed him from the Holy Land to England, where, she having become a Christian, they were united in marriage..

Hark to that deep-toned chaunt and thrilling sound
 Of many voices, as it spreads around !
 It traverses the lofty cloister'd aisle,
 And wakes the echoes of the ancient pile—
 I love that sweetly shrill—that plaintive swell—
 That dirge-like cadence which no tongue can tell ;
 Whose strange and melancholy spirit long
 Endued with spells the Hebrew's sacred song.*
 How softly sweet the distant music falls
 Upon the quiet of the ancient halls !
 Or where the noiseless monk now tells his beads
 Along the dark and silent colonnades ;
 Where oft at eve the solemn redbreast hears
 That mystic music of three thousand years.

But, hark ! what steps upon the corridor !
 What hostile purpose brings those mail-clad four ?
 Each aspect augurs some concerted ill,
 And speaks too plainly the determined will.
 They come to where, in glittering cope array'd
 The holy man before his Maker pray'd ;
 Angelic sweetness beamed upon his face—
 External index of interior grace—
 At length upon the altar-step he stood,
 And to adoring monks revealed their God !

Scarcely was the benediction ended, when
 Forth drew their sabres all these valiant men ;
 The saint alike unmoved and undismay'd,
 But looked contempt, as taunting thus he said :—
 " I know, brave knights, what purpose brings you here,
 But all your swords will never make me fear !
 You may this poor weak body rend asunder ;
 Yet know, a quenchless spirit still lies under,
 Which, to a tyrant's power or ruffians' swords,
 Will yield no more than to that tyrant's words !
 What, thou Fitzurse ! † thou false !"—A treacherous blow
 Cuts short his bitter words increasing flow !
 A faithful monk, to avert his Master's fate,
 His arm around him throws, alas, too late !
 That faithful hand shall ne'er be faithful more,
 It lies with quivering fingers on the floor !

* It has been asserted, with considerable probability, that many of the airs for the Psalms and Hymns of the Monastic music are the same as were once sung in the Jewish Temple.

† One of the murderers, I believe, with this name, had been previously in the service of Becket, and under many obligations to him.

And now the cowards on their victim fall—
That man whom tho' they kill they can't appal !
One brutal stroke—he falls, and fainting bleeds—
Another stroke—another fast succeeds—
Till soon a martyr's mingled brains and blood
Stream o'er the chancel in a purple flood !

Oh, noble Becket ! that most loving heart,
That knew no passion, or deceitful art,
Which heaved with pity for affection's tear,
And was most happy when it best could cheer,
Has ceased to beat, and ne'er shall beat again
In love and sympathy for fellow-men.
Mark how the saint above the altar weeps !
The zephyr now a mournful measure keeps !
The loving seraph's placid smile is fled ;
The joyful sunbeam, too, in sorrow's sped !
Ha ! now with terror-stricken looks ye stand !
Already marks your brows the murderer's brand—
Well purchased, surely, was the royal grace,
By that foul deed, which time shall ne'er efface.
That is not all—the murderer's pains and fears
Shall blast and blacken all your future years ;
And every pang of woe and hopeless sigh,
Shall only vary your deep agony—
Your tortured hearts shall heave and writhe in vain ;
Remorse will hold them in his cankering chain !
A monarch's smiles or presents bring no calm,
What opens fresh the wound is painful balm.
No sweet oasis there—no pleasant spring—
To cheer the desert of your suffering :
For aye shall haunt you to your utmost age,
The phantom of that hideous sacrilege ;
Until your lives of infamy and fear
Shall end, perhaps, without a hope to cheer.

But why lament and chide in sorrow so ?
Is he not blessed with joys earth cannot know ?
The martyr's death unfolds a glorious day :
The fulness of that blissful light, whose ray
Illumed his life, now beams upon his eyes,
Revealing all he hoped beyond the skies !
And yet, when to the martyr's sacred tomb
The royal pilgrim shall repentant come,
The gen'rous saint will think of ancient love,
And plead his pardon at the throne above !

J. B. C.

